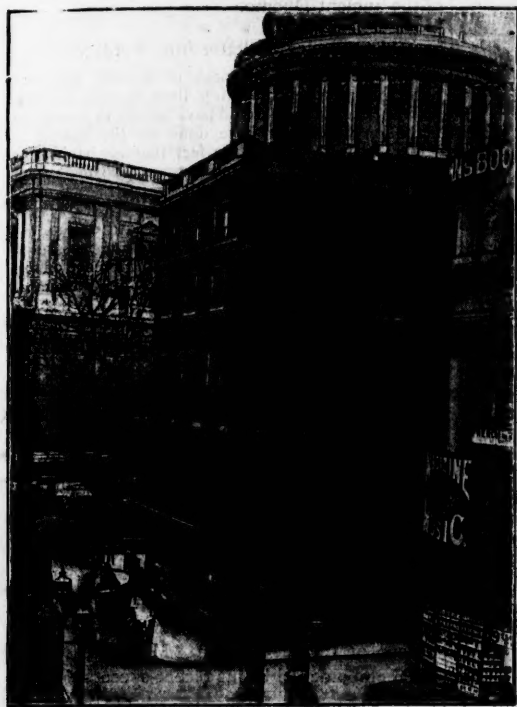


THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

VOL. 4.

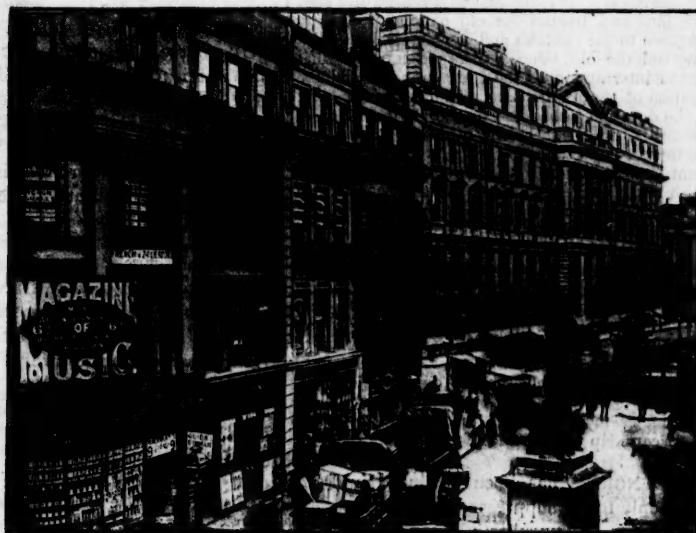
JUNE, 1887.

No. 39.



"MAGAZINE OF MUSIC" OFFICE, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. PAUL'S

The Home of the Magazine.



"MAGAZINE OF MUSIC" OFFICE, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

A FRIEND whose clarion tones have often been heard in our public assemblies used to call this corner of London the heart of the world, for here within a short radius you can hear all its vast pulsations. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," informs his readers that, however small the town in which he lectured, it always contained a "highly intelligent audience," with the fixed idea that in their little corner of the world one of the spokes of the earth came up, and that their own town was the "Hub of the Universe," the centre round which all else revolved.

A good many who come here from all parts have the feeling when they look from our windows that they are very near the "Hub." Four of the main arteries of London here converge. On our left is the centre of the Telegraph system of Great Britain, with its communication wires to every part of the globe; to the right looms St. Paul's vast dome;

before us is the thronging Cheapside, with the Bank of England and Stock Exchange in sight; while behind is Paternoster Row, the book mart of the world; and, a stone's throw further, the offices of the great London Morning Dailies.

Here, looking down Cheapside, is the home of the Magazine, within touch and sight of the religious, monetary, and intellectual forces of the world's heart; and from this centre, radiating in ever-widening circles, goes "our" Magazine with "enlightening and refreshing influence," into many homes throughout the land. No one can doubt that the enjoyment and practice of music in this country have greatly increased. A great impetus has been given to musical education by the establishment of training schools, colleges, and examinations; and music has become a recognised and powerful factor for good in our homes, the church, and the world.

The platform of the Magazine is broad; its varied literary and musical efforts appeal to all ranks and conditions of men — the musician, the student, the popular and the intellectual reader, the man of business, and the specialist are alike numbered among its supporters; and by promoting the culture of the most refined and innocent of all the arts the Magazine bears its part in ameliorating the conditions of life.

The portrayal of the "Home of the Magazine" affords a welcome opportunity of addressing a word to you. We cannot doubt that the future of the Magazine is a matter of personal interest not only to those who have followed its fortunes from its first number, but also to those who have more recently become acquainted with its pages. This feeling of personal interest in "our" Magazine has been repeatedly manifested in the correspondence that daily comes to our editorial table. Your kindly thoughts have found expression in terms that impart a stimulus to our work and quickened interest in all subjects growing out of the Musical Life.

The pages of the Magazine have in a sense reflected your appreciation, and the common efforts of many kindred spirits has made it a power to further Music as an art and help forward social culture. In the past you have assisted by your co-operation in widening the sphere of the Magazine's usefulness; it rests with you and the great music-loving constituency to make it yet more widely regarded in the future.



VIEW OF CHEAPSIDE FROM "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC" OFFICE



taccato.

THE opening of the People's Palace in the East End by the Queen is an auspicious event in an auspicious year. We fervently hope that the concerts to be given in this noble building will form a musical link between rich and poor.

How sorely this is needed is shown in the following weighty words of Sir George Grove, taken from a letter addressed to the People's Concert Society:—

I heartily wish well to your society, all the more because I have never been able quite to make up my mind as to the plan to be pursued. In England there seems to be no musical link between the present and the past for the common people. In Germany, through the chorale, and through the way in which the noblemen kept up orchestras and opera houses, music has always been maintained by high and low. In Scotland and Ireland the old national songs are still known to the peasants and working people. But in England the old songs are forgotten, and, what with the interruption of the great troubles and the opposition of the Puritans to all amusements, what with the devotion to business that took the place of amusements, to the accident of Handel's presence when there was a chance of revival, and to the consequent inundation of Italian music, which put English music entirely on the back seat, and threw the practice of the art mainly on the richer classes, what with the fact that the English noblemen of the 18th century preferred to spend their money on fox hounds and race horses, or, at the best in amassing pictures—what with all these things music may almost be said to have perished out of the land below a certain line in society. You are now proposing to restore it, and I suppose there is no better way than to play and sing the best music to your audiences, until it has worked its own effect by its own innate force. . . . I shall be very happy if out of the means under my control at the Royal College of Music I can help you in your efforts.

"LOHENGRIN" has been produced in Paris at last, only to be suppressed by a few sweeps, butcher boys, and unruly students! The patriots of the pavement contented themselves on the first night with mobbing the carriages of the audience, and crying "Down with Wagner." But there was reason to believe that an organised attempt would be made to sack the theatre on the second night, and, after a consultation with the authorities, M. Lamoureux decided to withdraw the opera.

THE following semi-official bulletin was issued on the 5th of May:—

There was a Cabinet Council this morning at the Place Beauvau, under the presidency of M. René Goblet.

The president informed the Council that, as he did not feel justified in prohibiting a theatrical representation so long as there was no disturbance in the theatre, he had taken the necessary measures for the preservation of order in the streets, in view of the second performance which was fixed for this evening, when M. Lamoureux called this morning to announce that he had decided not to give the performance.

M. Goblet pointed out that this was a spontaneous declaration on the part of M. Lamoureux, as the Government was ready to support him in the exercise of his rights. M. Lamoureux acknowledged that the step was spontaneous on his part.

M. LAMOUREUX has come well out of the present crisis. But he certainly did not show much prudence in his preliminary puffing. With the instincts of a director, he did everything in his power to get up a sensation. He succeeded beyond his wishes. Every musician in Paris knew that "Lohengrin" was to be produced, but the rabble knew it too.

M. LAMOUREUX was well warned. The fact that two years ago M. Carvalho was compelled to abandon his idea of producing "Lohengrin" at the Opéra Comique ought to have put M. Lamoureux on his guard. Our contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*, pointed out the danger so long ago as June 1886, and suggested that Wagner should

be introduced under the wing of some French composer of the advanced school, say Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" on the first night of the season would ensure the success of "Lohengrin" on the second. No one would object to the glorification of the music of the future, so long as the hated word "Prussien" was not in the forefront of the undertaking.

THIS appears to us an excellent suggestion, but it was unfortunately treated with contempt. In fact M. Lamoureux, who evidently does not like plain speaking, rewarded our contemporary for its timely advice by refusing tickets to its representatives when the opera was at last produced. When M. Lamoureux could thus insult the leading organ of musical opinion in France, a journal with an honourable history of more than fifty years, need we be surprised that he has succeeded in rubbing the excitable Parisians the wrong way?

OF course, the philosophic mind recognizes that Art is cosmopolitan and should be kept apart from political controversies. But how many men are philosophers? The English Press is pleased to be very virtuous, and the conduct of the Paris roughs is certainly reprehensible enough. But are we ourselves so immaculate?

WE don't expect that the London roughs will attempt to sack Covent Garden when Signor Lago produces Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Czar." But Glinka never wrote an ode of vulgar triumph over the capture of London by the Russians. Signor Lago has not been puffing "A Life for the Czar" for months as an example of the superiority of Russian over English music.

WHEN we were preparing for war with Russia in the spring of 1885, M. Rivière performed at his Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre a selection from the National Anthems of Europe. The Russian Anthem could scarcely ever be heard for a storm of hisses and groans, although every musician must admit that "God Save the Czar" is superior to "God Save the Queen."

ON learning that "Lohengrin" had been withdrawn, Mr. Henry Leslie at once telegraphed to Paris a proposal to bring over the entire company, principals, chorus, and orchestra for a fortnight's performances at Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. LESLIE says that he feels sure that "The musical public of London, particularly the German portion thereof, would have welcomed his company most kindly, if only for the sake of showing that English people know no politics or nationality where Art is concerned, and that to them the treatment M. Lamoureux has received and is receiving from the Parisians is perfectly inexplicable."

THAT being so, it is a good thing that M. Lamoureux did not accept the offer. An ovation for M. Lamoureux at the hands of Londoners, "particularly the 'German' portion thereof," would, under the circumstances, have given the finishing blow to his reputation in France.

MEANWHILE, what is M. Lamoureux to do? If the Government had prohibited the performance he would have been entitled to plead *force majeure*. But, as the withdrawal of the opera was spontaneous, he is legally liable for the fulfilment of his engagements. Doubtless, some compensation will be granted to him in recognition of the public spirit which he has shown

in the present crisis. But is it yet too late to adopt *Le Ménestrel's* suggestion?

THE ceremonies at the reinterment of the remains of Rossini in the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, were most impressive. As the procession emerged in front of the church, a choir of 600, standing on the steps, sang the noble Prayer from "Mose in Egitto."

THE ceremonies came off appropriately at the time when Florence was celebrating in so splendid a fashion the completion of the façade of the ancient Duomo.

ANOTHER elegant letter from Verdi:—

Honoured Sir,—You speak of Rossini, who has never had a warmer admirer than myself; and this feeling of admiration would have led me to accept the invitation which you have done me the honour to send, if it were not for the fact that my habits, my age, and my love of tranquillity cause me to make it a rule to hold aloof from all demonstrations of an exciting nature.

For this reason I feel constrained to decline the honourable duty which you wished to assign to me.

Kindly excuse me from coming to Florence on this occasion, and at the same time accept the assurance of my great esteem.

G. VERDI.

To the Syndic of Florence.

THE Japanese Government is certainly go-ahead. A while ago there was some talk of its adopting English as the official language of Japan. Now it is going to revolutionise Japanese music. A conservatoire is to be established in Japan, and the most promising students will be sent to prosecute their studies in Vienna.

WE are having a surfeit of opera in London. Never was such a season in the memory of man. The English opera is in full swing at Drury Lane. Signor Lago has commenced a brilliant season at Covent Garden. Mr. Mapleson has been emboldened by his recent success to tempt fortune again at Her Majesty's. Before the month is out, Mr. Carl Rosa's artistes will be replaced at Drury Lane by an Italian company, on which we may well believe Mr. that Harris has spared no expense. There is besides a rumour that Patti intends to start a season of her own under the direction of Mr. Abbey. And all this in the month of June, when nature spreads her charms in vain for the jaded Londoner.

Of all these rival *impresarii* we are interested most in Mr. Mapleson. His attempt to popularise opera by establishing it on a scale of moderate prices is worthy of all praise, and it is pleasant to see that the enterprise would appear to have been as successful pecuniarily as artistically.

MR. MAPLESON has given us two interesting novelties, Bizet's "Leila" and Gounod's "Mirella"; and Signor Lago promises us Glinka's, "A Life for the Czar," and Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto."

"WE can't afford a thirty guinea vocalist in Hawick," says the secretary of the Hawick Sacred Harmonic Society in his annual report. Sensible words which many unduly ambitious societies in small towns would do well to take to heart.

THE 815th performance of "The Mikado!" This, says the *Neue Musik Zeitung*, is Sir Arthur Sullivan's true Golden Legend!

LONDONERS will miss the bear about which we heard so much when "Nordisa" was first brought out in Liverpool. The gentleman who took this interesting part was one night very nearly suffocated, and the Bear Dance was afterwards dropped.

SECOND thoughts are popularly believed to be

best. "Nordisa," as originally scored, ended with a trivial chorus, and Mr. Corder was well advised in substituting for this the beautiful chorale which is heard so often throughout the work. Similarly, the published score of "The Lily of Killarney" ends with a very thin waltz, which is now replaced by a chorus founded on Hardress Cregan's lovely song, "Eily Mavourneen."

OUR English managers go far afield. Augustus Druriolanus has been to Spain to purchase new costumes for the bull-fight in "Carmen." The costumes in "Nordisa" were obtained by Mr. Carl Rosa at Hammerfest in Norway last summer.

MR. CORDER was wise to lay the scene of "Nordisa" in Norway. Local colour is a great help to an opera. You may hear people say "Carmen" is so original. Question them closely and you will find that they have in their minds the Spanish music. By "original" most people mean "uncommon."

WE are glad that in "Nordisa" Mr. Corder has given us a good old-fashioned overture based upon the themes of the opera. There is some danger that new-fangled "Preludes" may oust the musical form in which so much of our best music is cast. Think how poor our concert programmes would be without the overtures to "Oberon," "Zampa," "Masaniello," and "William Tell."

MR. CORDER is English enough to call "Nordisa" his "17th work" instead of "Op. 17." Are our rising young men going to write "slackening" in their scores instead of "rallentando," and "hammering" instead of "sforzando"?

OUR Australian cousins are not in love with the French penal settlements. But, after all, they have the chance of recruiting their orchestras with escaped convicts—at least, so says an American paper. There is an orchestra of 120 convicts in the Island of Noumea, with a convict for their conductor. The conductor is likely to stick well to his band, seeing that he is working out a sentence of penal servitude for life. He was a member of the orchestra at the Opéra in Paris, and was sent to Noumea for murder!

THE band gives a selection every Tuesday and Sunday in the Grand Square, which then becomes a fashionable promenade for the civil and military population of the island. The band of the Pentonville Penitentiary would, doubtless, prove a great attraction at the Crystal Palace or the American Exhibition. But we fear that the conservative British convict will go on picking oakum and doing the treadmill, unmoved by the example of his *confrère* of Noumea.

THERE is to be a performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony at Dusseldorf with scenery, and pantomimic action. This is mere clap-trap. The next thing will be to let out a swarm of bees in St. James's Hall when de Pachmann is playing "The Bees' Wedding."

THE revolt against our Academy has been matched in Paris by the formation of a Union of Neglected Composers. It must be rather difficult to determine the precise amount of neglect which will be accepted as a suitable qualification.

THE International Exhibition of Music, to be held at Bologna next year, promises to be very interesting. The promoters have held a general meeting under the presidency of Signor Bolto, the composer of "Mefistofele" and librettist of

"Otello," and the committees for the different sections are already busy with the work of preparation.

THE Exhibition proper will comprise instruments ancient and modern, scores, &c., &c., and there will be sections for the illustration of acoustics and of the art of teaching music. The exhibition will in fact present on a grand scale the same features of interest as the musical section of the Inventions Exhibition of 1885.

BUT the scheme is not confined to the Exhibition proper. It includes performances designed to illustrate the progress of Art in the three branches of sacred, dramatic, and orchestral music. The development of the Symphony will be depicted in a series of eight orchestral concerts. The performances of sacred music will go back as far as the sixteenth century and come down in regular gradation to our own time. In dramatic music it is proposed to commence with Peri's "Euridice" and end with Verdi's "Otello."

Musical Life in London.

THE Philharmonic Society can hardly be complimented on the valuable novelties it has offered this season. At the third concert we had a new concerto by Gounod, played by Mdme. Lucie Palicot on the piano-pedallier—i.e., a pianoforte with a separate arrangement of pedals. This instrument was hoisted on to a small platform on the platform, presumably that the audience might be able to judge for themselves that there was "no deception!" But neither in instrument, concerto, nor performance could I perceive anything to commend. The tone of the pedal instrument painfully differed from that of the piano itself, and no added sonority or richness of effect appeared to be derived from the combination. As to the concerto, it was so flimsy and *décousu* that I can hardly believe Gounod expected it to be taken seriously. An interesting feature in this concert was a duet, "Hark! her step," from Dr. Villiers Stanford's *re-written* "Canterbury Pilgrims"—an opera with an admirable plot, but the music of which never in the past seemed quite to hit the public taste. This duet, sung by Mdle. De Lido and Mr. Barton McGuckin, contains some charming phrases, but the interpretation did not strike me as a very finished or happy one. Mdle. De Lido did much better in Beethoven's *scena*, "Ah, Perfido," and so did Mr. McGuckin in the tenor air from "The Story of Sayid," "Where sets the sun." Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was played by the magnificent band of this Society, under Sir Arthur Sullivan, in a style I do not think any other band in Europe would find it easy to surpass.

And what I have just written applies with even greater force to the fourth Philharmonic concert on May 5th, when Goetz's symphony in F, a work of grand and exquisite beauty, the finest of its sort produced since Schubert died, was played. Goetz died at the early age of thirty-six (like Mozart), almost unknown—another example of the sweet irony of fortune! At this concert Herr Schönberger played Beethoven's concerto in C minor, displaying much intelligence and taste, and doing, on the whole, better than I have heard him do before. If he could only be less fond of the violent contrasts, the clap-trap effects he is still too addicted to, he would not be far from a great artist. Dvorák's "Husitska" overture, built on a fine Choral theme of

the Hussites, was played with great effect. Mdme. Patey sang "Che farò" and a pleasing air by Sarti, the old Italian composer.

The Richter Concerts have begun with unusual *éclat*, and they are now certainly the most successful of their kind in London. The band has been very much strengthened under the new management, and concert by concert the players are producing more and more magical effects under Richter's hand and eye. Such performances, for instance, as those at the third concert of Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," thrilling the most *blasé* with unwonted emotion, would be impossible by any other band where there was not the master-spirit of such an one as Richter to command. At the first concert, on May 2, we had the "Meistersinger" overture; Brahms' Variations on an air by Haydn, very clever, and just a trifle dry; Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3, very wild and sensational; and an admirable performance of Beethoven's symphony No. 7. At the second concert the programme was a little weaker. The Beethoven example is not one of that great composer's best, the overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," fine as it is, being more a *pièce d'occasion* than anything else. The Wagner piece was "Wotan's Abschied," forcibly declaimed by Mr. Santley, but it hardly suits his voice. Berlioz's "Harold" symphony was finely played, the viola solo part being admirably interpreted by Herr Krause. Dr. Mackenzie's Intermezzo "On the Waters," from "Jason," was perhaps the most charmingly effective item in the programme; and the audience tried to like—but failed in the attempt—Goldmark's overture to "Merlin," which seemed to be a rather dismal imitation of Wagner's style. At the third concert, besides the pieces already mentioned, we had Dvorák's "Symphonic Variations," magnificently brilliant and clever, and Beethoven's beautiful "little" Symphony No. 8.

The most noticeable feature of Mr. Mapleson's season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden was his production of "Leila," a version of "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" by Bizet, the composer of "Carmen." This opera was a complete failure when first given in Paris, and, most incomprehensibly, the critics seem to have got into their heads that it was spoiled by the Wagnerian tendencies of the composer. The fact is, that it is overflowing with melody. Mdle. Fühstom, Signor Garulli and M. Lhérie did very well in the principal parts. "Mirella," Gounod's pretty Provençal opera, was also given twice with Mdme. Nevada as the heroine. She sang very charmingly, but certainly made a mistake in introducing the "Couplets" from David's "Perle de Brésil," in place of the well-known valse.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Carl Rosa's English opera season is progressing most successfully, not only in the production of "Nordisa" (treated of in detail in another column), but also in the *début* of several young artists of remarkable promise. "Carmen," most successful of modern operas, was given on the opening night, with Mdme. Marie Roze in her very clever impersonation of the heroine. Mr. McGuckin sang and acted well as Don José, and Miss Fanny Moody as Michaela gained an unusual share of public favour by her refined style and beautiful voice. Since that time we have had a succession of familiar operas, such as "The Bohemian Girl," "Mignon," "Faust," "Trovatore." But little need be said respecting these, save that all were remarkably well put on the stage, and that additions to the company since their last visit to London, such as Miss Moody, Mdle. Decca (an American soprano), Mr. Edward Scovell (also from America), and Mr. F. H. Celli, have

considerably added to their strength. The Italian opera season, under Mr. Augustus Harris, being arranged to commence at this theatre on June 4th, the English opera season will this time be a disappointingly short one.

Of concerts of the month that I can only briefly refer to are: "The Golden Legend" at the Crystal Palace, with band and chorus of 3,000, and Mdme. Albani, Mr. Lloyd and Signor Foli in the principal parts, a magnificently effective performance—and the same work at the Royal Albert Hall, with Mdle. Nordica as Elsie, giving a very intelligent and pleasing interpretation of the part. Mdme. Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig have commenced their series of classical chamber concerts at Prince's Hall, the first on May 7th, including Quartets, one pianoforte, the other violin, by Beethoven and Kiel, an interesting suite by Bargiel for piano and violin, solos for the two instruments, and songs by that rising young soprano Miss Bertha Moore. Miss Clara Myers gave a capital concert at Willis' Rooms on the 14th, aided by Miss Larkcom, Miss Moore, Mr. Fred. King, Mr. Charles Chille, Mr. Arthur Lancelot, and Mr. Gustav Ernest, Herr Gomperz and M. Hegyesi. Mdme. Neruda has given two concerts of orchestral music, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé, at which of course her own violin-playing has been the chief attraction.

My attention has been called to the fact that in the number for April I omitted all mention of the Crystal Palace concert of March 12th, at which a very interesting new work, "Serenade in A" by George J. Bennett, was performed for the first time. The omission was simply a matter of inadvertence. I am now glad to repair it as far as possible by stating that Mr. Bennett's work, in reality a symphony, achieved a most gratifying success, and was recognised by all who heard it as a work of art of no ordinary merit. Mr. Bennett's songs have already shown his possession of musical gifts of a high order, and I hail this new "Serenade" as a sign that he is resolved to be content with nothing but the highest in his art. May he long preserve this aim!

J. J. B.

Musical Vignettes.

— : o : —

VII.—SARTORIS AND AURELIA.

By Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A.,
Author of "Music and Morals."

THAT was an evening. Phoenix was in great feather. Aurelia was a little more subdued than usual, but glowing with contentment, and flushed with evident excitement, which made her eyes sparkle, and gave a certain genial vivacity to all her movements.

I had never seen her more charming, but I had often known her more talkative. The chaperone, Phoenix's married sister, was a Mrs. Arbuthnot, a pleasant creature of about forty-five, who adored her brother, and was what some people would call very "personable," without being exactly handsome, and was otherwise an agreeable nonentity.

Phoenix's bachelor's apartments into which we were now ushered consisted of two sitting-rooms opening into each other with folding doors. In the first stood a semi-grand Collard, in the second, the folding doors being wide open, we saw the supper table tastefully decorated with such hothouse flowers as could be got in mid-winter. The pictures on the walls were very Phoenixy indeed. Cerito and Taglioni, by Chalons; a Sassaferrato school picture, Virgin

and Child; Jenny Lind in an old-fashioned low-neck and bertha of the period. A small but striking bust of Paganini, by Danton, of Paris, dated 1832. A very faded daguerreotype over the mantelpiece, of a young lady in ringlets, framed in velvet, with low mount—Phoenix would never say a word about this. A couple of red plaster casts of Grisi and Mario in costume. The Derby winner of 1840 was handsomely framed in mahogany. Phoenix used to point to it and say, "Dark horse, sir; dark horse! Only one I ever made money on. Made money on that—£500—A.D. 1840, and then left off. Never betted on a horse again! There, young fellows! Learn your lesson. It isn't so hard to leave off when you've lost your money—perhaps you've got to leave off then—but the battle is to leave off when you've won. I reposed on my laurels; repose on your laurels, sir—laurel's the word!" and the imperceptible pinch of snuff clinched the moral argument as usual.

Neither myself nor Alexis were particularly horsey people, though Aurelia was quite insane about thoroughbreds and "mounts" generally; but this little speech about "reposing on laurels" was a great favourite with Cousin Phoenix, and he would let off the one successful racing episode of his life quite at random, and *à propos* of nothing in particular. When nudged by a friend, "What, eh? said it before? Well, just so; like London Bridge, you know—*poor passer le Thames* (temps)!"—and, flavoured with some such prodigious conundrum or audacious pun, his best-worn anecdotes would be swallowed with an indulgent smile. A man who is a good butt and at the same time no fool, and can give and take chaff without offence, is generally a welcome and never a tedious companion. "Phoenix," said the judicious sister, "had you not better get the claret into this room? You are always put out in winter if the chill is not well off when it is opened."

"Just so. Glad you spoke. Should be just the temperature of the air we drink it in; so Count d'Orsay used to say. I'll ring the bell, my dear." But at that moment the door opened, and Monasterio and Sartoris entered together.

"Mein friend, Signor Sartoris, give me sie billetto from M. von Phoenix vot brings me to-night," explains the Italo-Germanic conductor, in what I may call Germano-Italian English.

Von Phoenix had already seized him by both elbows.

"Mio caro amico," says he, "so glad to see you—vid vergnügen—you know; and you, dear Sartoris, first time you've set foot in Cousin Phoenix's den. Welcome. *Virtuose de premier ordre—n'est pas?*" and, turning to us, "Allow me to introduce you both to my good friends, whom you shall know better before the end of this auspicious night. Signori Monasterio and Sartoris—my sister—Mrs. Arbuthnot, and these my dear young friends, lovers of the beautiful, worshippers at the shrines of Calliope and Polymnia, whom you shall know as Miss Aurelia, Alexis, and—[well, I do not care to reveal my own personality]."

The artist and the amateur both bowed low to the company, and Sartoris, grasping Phoenix's cordially outstretched hand, said in the purest English, without a touch of foreign accent, "You are most kind, and I am sure we are both delighted to come"; and then, with a quick, involuntary glance at Aurelia, who stood a little apart by the mantelpiece, somewhat embarrassed with a camellia that refused to keep its privileged place at her bosom, and threatened every moment to drop to pieces, "You never told my mother in your note of the additional pleasure in store for us. She will, I am sure,

all the more regret not being here to meet your friends. She bids me say that she hopes before long to see you some evening at the 'Rosaries.'"

The foreign guests were certainly very interesting, and full of likeness and contrast.

Monasterio—impulsive, but a little shy and nervous in strange company—with strong ideas, deep enthusiasm, and force of character, was always a marked personality, in spite of his inability to express himself. His manner with strangers was stamped with a certain mingled pride and modesty, which meant self-respect without self-conceit. Sartoris was different, but in his way equally noticeable; always at his ease, perfectly refined, unconsciously graceful, yet quite unaffected, and without a *souffron* of that self-consciousness which beggars so many handsome men in the eyes of their own set. You could see that, young as he was, he had mixed a good deal in the world; that world was the Parisian world of fashion. It seemed to have left with him the aroma of its grace without distilling its poison. Nothing less superficial than Sartoris, nothing less flippant—he was evidently what the French call *un homme sérieux*—that is, he had a certain Teutonic strain of stability and principle. He was reliable; you could not be long in the room with him without feeling that he was a man of character. He had real sentiments, real heart, real convictions, and his enthusiasms were not frothy.

He could talk, too, and talk well, and liked to talk, as we soon found; but he was not of the trampling sort. He was an admirable listener, yet strove to win assent, and seemed to expand temperamentally and grow intellectually brilliant and spontaneously eloquent in a sympathetic atmosphere.

Phoenix was a capital host, and knew how to draw out his guests. Aurelia sat at his right hand and Sartoris sat just opposite her. I sat between Monasterio and Mrs. Arbuthnot, and Alexis sat next the lady chaperone.

"That Joseph Guarnerius of yours is a fine concert instrument, my dear Sartoris; wherever did you pick it up?" asked Phoenix.

"It was one of those violins found in the early days of this century by that curious man, Tarisio—the obscure village carpenter who travelled all over Italy in search of old Cremonas. He brought it to Chanôt, in Paris—the old Chanôt, who really did know a fiddle, and Chanôt at once saw that it had not been touched. He merely took the front off, strengthened the sound bar to bear the strain of the modern stringing, and put it into the market for £250. It cost my father £400; he bought it for me from the Duke of Cordova."

"Now," says Phoenix, when the champagne had gone round and supper was pretty well over, and permission to light cigarettes had been obtained from the ladies, "I should like to know who taught you to take those charming liberties with Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto."

"Vera gut, vera gut liberties!" ejaculated Monasterio, nodding his head with emphatic approval.

He evidently thought that Phoenix was making an attack on the violin solo performance we had just listened to in the Winter Garden.

"Exactly so, parfaitement! Very good, no doubt, very good indeed, but unusual. What would the Berlin school say?"

"Allow me," says Sartoris, evidently a little excited and eager to reply, "the Berlin school, the Leipzig school, the Dresden school—no German school has been able to rule the violin. The greatest—the phenomenal violin players have not been Germans, but French, Italians, and Poles. Joachim—a German—is a great player, no doubt, not the greatest *qui fut*

jamais, but great in his generation. Ernst was a Moravian, and was early impregnated with Paganini's genius; indeed, he followed him about everywhere, and formed his own style in Paris. Both Joachim and Ernst obeyed the French method. The true violin school is as much French as the true vocal school is Italian."

"This sounds rather heretical, don't it?" says Phoenix, turning to me; "but I agree with our friend Sartoris; the German violin playing, pure and simple, is too cold and formal for me. I don't even relish Joachim until he's a bit stirred up. I always feel inclined to hand him a couple of glasses of champagne before he goes on to play a solo. Eh? champagne's the word. Try some more, Sartoris." But Sartoris politely shook his head.

"Perhaps," I said, "Mr. Sartoris will explain further what he means."

"I mean that there's only one real violin school, and that is the French, or, if you prefer it, the Belgian—the Brussels-Paris school. Paganini apart, who was simply phenomenal in every way—Rode, Lafont, De Beriot, Baillot, Viextemps, those were the men who created the modern violin school, and the Germans have had to learn it from them. Now this, I think, partly answers your remark about what you call my romantic rendering of parts of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. The violin, to my mind, is a romantic instrument. It lends itself to the intimate expression of all the changing and ideal moods that rise and fall—ebb and flow; nothing but the human voice can touch it as a direct expression of the soul; and it transcends the voice in its compass and technical resource. The cold, classical violin school leaves half the violin unspoken; the very *timbre* and sensibility of the *creature*—for it becomes almost a creature, in the embrace of its true lover—resents a frigid and altogether unimpassioned and musically 'correct' treatment; it pines for a tender exaggeration here, it sighs for a gentle excess of feeling there, or some lingering sweetness long drawn out, until the soul swoons away into a dreamland of its own. Forgive me," said Sartoris, checking himself rather suddenly. He paused to relight his cigarette.

"I do not express myself clearly. It is so difficult to talk about what can after all only be *felt*," and again he paused, fearing perhaps to have said too much amongst new acquaintances; but if he had looked towards Aurelia—which at one time, I fancy, he did—he might have been reassured. Whilst he was speaking her pretty lips were a little parted. She unconsciously breathed more quickly, as I saw from the truant camellia that rose and trembled on her breast. Her large eyes were wide open, and fixed on Sartoris; she was drinking in his words like so much nectar. It was not difficult to guess what sort of emotions were stirring in the young girl's heart. But, indeed, Sartoris was charming whenever he talked about his violin, and we only wanted to encourage him to say a little more.

"I am sure you are right about the violin," I said; "it is the soul's most sympathetic *confidante*."

"Yes, and the French and Italians feel that. The Italians overdo it altogether," continued Sartoris. "They tear passion and their violin strings to tatters—they want regulating. I am half Italian myself, you know. Signor Monasterio will not be offended at what I say."

"Me! Mein gott, non! eh, per Baccho! I am arf German, vith leetle Italiano, and ze more English—always—ever vera much!" At which we all applauded violently, and the Professor laughed, and I am sure felt himself quite "English, you know" for the time.

"Signor Sartoris, tell vera gut ze Italiano and Francese style."

"Pray go on with what you were saying." I turned to Sartoris, and he continued—

"Well, I think the French have understood the *charme intime*, the genius of the violin so well, owing to the delicacy of their sentiment. There is a *grace fuyante* and a quick and subtle sensibility about the Frenchman (just as there is a heat and luxury of passion about the Italian, and a fierce brilliancy about the Spaniard) which enables him even more than the German to claim the violin as a personal interpreter. The German finds his solace in combination—he is large, temperate, philosophic. The Frenchman never gets beyond himself—his very politics are personal. It is his strength in art; it is also his weakness. In that fascinating sphere of personal sentiment he is exhaustive and complete—a very art model for the world. Well, it is just to that personal sphere that the violin, emancipated from the trammels of the classical school, lends itself utterly and adequately—it fits about the soul as the cloud fits about the mountain—it takes on the million tints of feeling as the cloud takes on the ineffable hues of sunset and sunrise. You see, I get vague at once; and, indeed, I feel a little presumptuous in delivering opinions which are probably as *recherché* here as coals are said to be at Newcastle!" says Phoenix, when we all rose from the table and went into the other room, now lighted by shaded lamps.

"My gifted young friend Sartoris, who has delighted us with his exquisite performance, and knows so well how to speak, has not, after all, quite answered my question. How he ventured to take certain liberties—very delightful liberties, no doubt, because they were so successful—but still, musically speaking, liberties with Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto—for to play *forte* what is marked *piano*, and to entirely alter the reading indicated by Mendelssohn himself, is—"

"A liberty, no doubt," I interposed. "May I say a word, Mr. Sartoris—I who think you were right in *principle* as well as in *practice*?"

"I shall be honoured by your defence, and willingly leave myself in your hands."

"Then," I replied, "although every composer has doubtless a definite idea of how he would like his music played, he also is willing to learn what new meanings *can* be evolved from his mystic art by a competent and sympathetic interpreter. Chopin, on hearing Liszt play one of his marvellous inspirations, exclaimed, 'I never meant it so, but—but—I think I like it best so—as you played it.' I have heard Rubinstein play Chopin's Funeral March, inverting all the *pianos* and *fortes* with admirable effect, and a true artist will always make a piece of music his own, and a true composer is only too glad to find anyone capable of a *creative* rendering. It is just the same with the written drama. The dramatist is always on the lookout—not for the actor who will *take his directions* and obey them implicitly, but for the actor who will *create* the part. A great player or actor—yes, and a great painter too—will always stamp his execution with a sentiment of his own, and that will be the best part of his performance, though it be not writ down for him—though sometimes the very reverse be indicated. Do we not all feel that had Mendelssohn been present to-night he might well have embraced our friend at the close of his Violin Concerto, as he once embraced the boy Joachim after his unconventional and fervid rendering of Bach's 'Chaconne'?"

"You have said all—more, far more, than I should have ventured to say, and I shall be glad if everyone here with you should think that quite enough has been said of me and my playing. Does the young lady sing?"

Sartoris went to the piano, which stood open, and touched a few chords.

"Comme un ange!" exclaimed Phoenix, rapturously. Aurelia blushed up to the roots of her hair, and leaning back on the sofa with her hands clasped a little nervously in front of her, "Oh please," she said imploringly, looking from Phoenix and then to me and Alexis for protection, "I couldn't to-night—I wish Alexis would play." At that moment a coffee machine was brought in. Phoenix was great on coffee machines—he had fourteen different patents, and always made the coffee himself, and explained that no one possessed the real secret but himself, which was, etc., etc. The secret varied, of course, with the patent, and the last patent was always the best.

"Wait a bit," says he, "and I will give Alexis such a cup as he never tasted before, and after that Alexis will play like the devil—I beg pardon, Miss Aurelia, but the fiend has always been credited with being excellent on the piano as well as on the violin, on which instrument he very much surprised Tartini with his proficiency, as we all know."

What was played that night I do not remember, but I shall never forget the group. Alexis sat at the piano in fuller light than any of us, but all the light was softened and subdued. I sat near Alexis, but commanding a good view of Aurelia and Sartoris, who were both now seated on the sofa, and in deep shadow. Phoenix himself took care to supply us with his superfine mocha coffee, and Mrs. Arbuthnot went on with her knitting.

At times I could see that Sartoris lifted his hand slightly to mark the recurrence of some melodic subject or subtle change in the harmony—a nocturne of Chopin's, I think. At the close of one movement he bent towards Aurelia and spoke a few words, but I could not catch what he said. She bowed her assent, and made some reply; their heads seemed for a moment close together. Then she nestled back in a cushioned corner of the sofa, and gave herself up to the pleasure of hearing exquisite music played with great sensibility in the midst of a perfectly sympathetic circle.

All good things come to an end, and so did that memorable night at Phoenix's house.

"What do you think of Sartoris now?" I asked Aurelia, perhaps a little too point blank, as we walked home through the snow.

"What do *you* think of him?" she asked by way of reply—just a little curtly, perhaps.

"Well, I think a good deal, but I couldn't say all of it at once. I may say it, perhaps, by degrees, by-and-bye."

"Yes, by-and-bye," said Aurelia a little dreamily, as we parted on her doorstep.

Cried Alexis merrily, yet with a ring of meaning which, perhaps, he hardly realised at the moment, "Let us all hope, for the sake of Sartoris, it will turn out to be 'the sweet By-and-bye.'"

End of Part I.

A Poet's Valentine.

When matin bells by greenwood tree
Affright the browsing fawn,
As mountain winds my heart is free;
I roam; and every thought of thee
Glow like an April dawn.

And till the day is growing old,
And, far by hill and lea,
Fall glories of the sunset gold,
My work breaks to a thousandfold
Dear dreams of love and thee.

But when the weary labourer hears
The vespers sounding low,
My thoughts of thee grow dim with tears,
I know not why, and nameless fears
Lie on my heart like snow.

EBENEZER BLACK.

A Coming Impresario.

W. H. COLLISSON.

MR. W. HOUSTON COLLISSON is a man who aims high, recognising the power of music to beautify life and give pleasure of the purest kind. To popularise the highest efforts of the genius of past and present composers is Mr. Collisson's ambition, and "High-class music rendered by the best artists, with popular prices," is his watchword. Those who attended his Saturday Evening Concerts during this past month at St. James's Hall will appreciate his ability and enterprise in establishing this series of popular concerts.

Our readers will no doubt be interested in the account of a recent interview we had with this rising Impresario, one bright May morning this past month, from which it appears that similar efforts will be put forward in the provinces. Taking his seat in an easy chair in our office that commanded a view of the length of Cheapside with its thronging multitude, Mr. Collisson conversed with us on the progress of music among the masses of Great Britain, his past work, and plans for the future.

"My Dublin concerts," said Mr. Collisson, "were commenced in 1885. The average attendance throughout the first year was about 1000, the second year 1500 to 2000, and this year from 1500 to 4000. I gave during the first year, 13; the second, 22; and this last year only seven. This decrease in the number of the concerts was not because they were unsuccessful, but I had a bad sore throat, and had been delicate for some time, and could not stand the work, so had therefore to give it into other hands."

"You will take them in hand again?"

"Yes, next year; I shall then give two series of sevens—seven before Christmas, and seven immediately after."

"The interest manifested in the concerts," continued Mr. Collisson, "is very great. Leinster Hall has been filled to overflowing with enthusiastic audiences. Dublin many years ago was a most musical city. Indeed, fifty or sixty years ago it was remarkably so; but the nobility and gentry leaving, and residing in England, caused a diminution in the number of high-class concerts. These popular concerts of mine, however, seem to have awakened the musical life of Dublin. They have attracted the attention of

rich and poor alike, so that we seem, I am happy to say, to have a good mixture of both, although the upper classes turned up their noses at them at first. Next year I intend running conjointly a series of popular concerts in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, and Dublin."

"A large undertaking!"

"It is a big undertaking; but I like big undertakings."

"There are very good popular concerts given already in Manchester and Liverpool."

"I know them, very well."

"But you intend yours to be better? You will give higher-class music?"

"We shall give nothing but high-class music. It is dreadful the number of common clap-trap things that are forced down people's throats at many of the concerts: the system of paying singers to advertise songs by singing them is at the root of this evil. Against this practice I have set my face. I do not as a rule pay artistes anything more for singing good music;

in Belfast and Liverpool; and Thursday or Friday in Manchester. In Belfast and Dublin my concerts are established most firmly. The Belfast people as a whole are decidedly musical and appreciate good music. They are too gentlemanly to 'hiss'; if the performance is not up to the mark, they simply cease to attend; while good music meets with silent, rapt attention. In Dublin you get quietness during the performance, but not perfect silence. Although this is so, Dublin people prefer high-class music to commonplace.

"Our local Dublin people (the good ones) are:—

"Soprani—Mdlles. Adelaide Mullen (now a London artist), Mary Russell, Charlotte Hanlon, Dubedat, and Lucy Hackett.

"Contralto—Mrs. Scott-Ffennell.

"Tenors—Mr. Walter Bapty (none better) and Mr. Drummond Hamilton.

"Basses—Mr. Plunket Green, Mr. T. Grattan Oldham (Bari-
tone).

"Violinists—Herr Lauer (permanent), M. Buziau, and Signor Papini (temporary).

"Violoncello—Mr. Rudersdorff.

"Pianists—Signor Esposito (a splendid man, but very quiet, quite equal to some of our great lion pianists. It is quite refreshing to see such quiet people sometimes), M. Billet, and myself.

"Accompanists—Signor Caracciolo and myself.

"I conduct at most of the concerts, play the greater part of the accompaniments, and give occasional pianoforte solos—it is very heavy work but saves expense.

"Here are programmes of four



NEW LEINSTER HALL, DUBLIN, WHERE THE COLLISSON POPULAR CONCERTS ARE HELD.

though perhaps it does require a greater mental effort to render."

"How many concerts do you intend giving next season?"

"Well, I think two sevens in each of the towns I mentioned—Manchester, Liverpool, Belfast, Dublin, and London."

"Why don't you take Glasgow?"

"It would be a good idea, but I could not do it; it would be too much, the distances between the places are so great."

"The admission to your concerts in each of these towns will be one shilling?"

"Yes, with a subscription of half-a-guinea for seven."

"You can charge thus on account of the artistes charging less for a series of concerts?"

"Yes; for instance now, a first-rate bass would charge 40 guineas for a first concert; but for a series given during one week he would do it for 20 or 25 per night."

"On what days will these concerts be given?"

"Saturday in Dublin and London; Monday

of my most successful concerts:—

DUBLIN ANCIENT CONCERT ROOMS.

April 17th, 1885.

TRIO, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello,	
"Novelletten," Op. 29	Niels W. Gade
SONATA in F, for Violin and Pianoforte	Ed. Grieg
SONATA in D, for Violoncello	Rubinstein
SONGS—"Erl-King"	Schubert
"The Worker"	Gounod
PIANOFORTE DUETS—"Polonaise"	Wagner
"Tarantelle"	Raff

April 9th, 1885.

TRIO in G, No. 2	Beethoven
SONGS—"Busied"	"
"Ah! perfido"	"
"Mignon"	"
"Gold-song"	"
QUARTETT in "Fidelio"	Mozart
"Violet"	"
"Dalla sua pace"	"
"Voi che sapete"	"
"Deh vieni"	"

January 9th, 1886.

TRIO in F..... *Saint-Saëns*
 POLONAISE, for Violoncello and Pianoforte..... *Chopin*
 ETUDE, for Pianoforte..... *Rubinstein*
 SONATA in E, for Violin..... *Mozart*
 SONGS—"The Question"..... *Schubert*
 "Thine is my heart"..... "
 BOLERO—"I Vespri Siciliani"..... *Verdi*
 &c., &c.

NEW LEINSTER HALL.

December 4th, 1886.

FANTASIA in D, for Pianoforte, 4 hands..... *Grieg*
 SONATA in F, for Violin..... "
 NORDISCHES TONBILDER, 4 hands..... *Gade*
 GIFSY SONGS..... *Dvorak*
 SCANDINAVIAN SONGS..... *Grieg*
 BERCEUSE..... *Gounod*
 &c., &c.

"From your programme it is apparent that you go on the principle of bringing down one or two good singers to your concerts, or one or two instrumentalists of good reputation, and then getting the best local talent?"

"Yes; I think it is rather a good policy. You must have some star to draw the multitude, and as is always the case, they think so much of a Londoner. It is the same in London if a Russian or foreigner comes over, they flock to hear him. But the addition of local talent creates an interest with a large class. I shall work on this principle in Manchester and Liverpool, and I think I am going to make a success."

"The music at your concerts next season will be on the same lines as before?"

"Not altogether. It is my intention to give a number of historical concerts with music by different composers in their chronological order. I find there is an amazing amount of ignorance on this subject. I remember being introduced to a clergyman as a musical man. You could scarcely believe it, but when speaking of Bach's music, he asked 'Is he alive?' As a further illustration of the need of this, I was in a music shop in Dublin about a fortnight ago buying a copy of Weber's 'Jubilee Cantata,' when the shopman whom I saw asked me if it had been composed this year."

"Well, Mr. Collisson, your ideas and plans are far-reaching. Music culture for the masses on an extensive scale, the development of local talent in our centres of population, and the popularising of high-class instrumental and vocal music, constitute a very good programme. You have our best wishes for success. Good-bye."

We are very sorry to see that the balance-sheet of the Glasgow Choral and Orchestral Concerts shows a deficit of £845 16s. 8d. The result in Edinburgh is, we believe, equally unsatisfactory. Of course depression in trade is naturally pleaded; but are these concerts not organised on an unnecessarily elaborate scale? Seventy-five musicians are now brought from England. Ten years ago excellent concerts were given with an orchestra of sixty performers, and the balance was then on the right side.

A Russian Violin.*

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

CHAPTER XXV.

LITTLE Helen's mother lived at the end of the town, almost in a suburb; the wooden house, large and bare, supported by horribly cracked columns, painted yellow, with laurel crowns in relief painted white, after the style of the first empire, was a vile structure without doubt, but had a noble appearance. A large garden, planted with lime-trees, ran down to the steep bank which overlooked the Volga and the parterres on the ramparts. The visitors rang; a sprightly, fresh-looking *femme de chambre*, singularly dressed, opened the door; she was barefoot and laughed in their faces.

"We are washing," she said, "it is a whim of Madame's. When she woke from her siesta, an

Our friends exchanged glances and smiled, then the functionary whispered in an indulgent tone:

"A droll house, but good music."

A light footstep was heard, someone jumped over the soapy puddle, and little Helen appeared in the dining-room.

"Mamma is coming," she said in a soft voice, without appearing at all disturbed by her late gymnastic exercise. Her starched petticoat was short enough to show two pretty little feet encased in common slippers. She had a blue ribbon in her chestnut hair, and a rather soiled white muslin gown. Her features were small, too delicate to be called as yet well formed; her arms, thin and childish, her little hands red, her eyes brown; large and rather sad; her whole person seemed resigned to some near calamity, and it was evidently impossible to give her any other name than that of "the little Helen."

"It is with you that these gentlemen would speak," said the enthusiast, with a gracious gesture towards the two brothers.

"To me?" said the young girl, looking first at Demiane, then at Victor, then again at Demiane, who was the more attractive.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," replied the latter, going straight to the point. "I am going to give a concert; I am assured that there will be an audience, but there is no accompanist."

"I know; he is in the hospital," said little Helen, shaking her head compassionately.

"Precisely; and if you would be so good as to accompany me and the other artists also, we should be relieved from a great embarrassment."

Helen looked at the three men by turns; her cheeks reddened, became pale, and again coloured.

"A grand concert?" she asked.

"I hope so," replied Demiane proudly.

"I dare not," said Helen in a resigned tone, hanging her head.

"Nothing is easier. Have you not already played in public?"

"Yes, but not before a large audience."

"More or less, that makes no difference; the thing is to be able to play correctly, and before strangers. You have talent, I have been told."

The young girl blushed and looked at a black stain on the front of her skirt.

"I play on the piano as well as I can," she said.

"That is capital. I shall send you the music. You will practise to-morrow; the day after we shall rehearse, and a second time on Wednesday or Saturday; and on Sunday we shall give the concert."

Helen did not seem to mind the delay, but allowed her glance to wander round the room.

"I have no gown ready," she murmured, embarrassed; "my white gown is not clean."

"We will wash it for you, Mademoiselle," said the delighted servant, who appeared at this moment in the doorway, kneeling in the soapy water, a brush in her hand and her hair in her eyes. "We will wash it beautifully. It is not a little washing that can frighten us."



W. HOUSTON COLLISSON, MUS.B.

(Inaugurator of the London Saturday Evening Concerts.)

hour ago, she said she had dreamed that the floor was being washed. This way, gentlemen, do not wet your feet. Jump a little here, and you will find yourself in the dining-room, which is dry."

During this singular speech, the three young people jumped one after another over a pool of soapy water already very dirty, and found themselves in the dining-room, which was quite dry.

Madame did not err much in having the floor washed, to judge by that of the dining-room, which since last Christmas had not seen a brush.

* Those commencing to take in the MAGAZINE with the April number may obtain the first eighteen chapters of "The Russian Violin," in book form, post free, for six penny stamps. Address E. Rae, 1A, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The rough head disappeared, and the brush scrubbed the boards frantically.

"Will your mother have any objection?" asked Demiane politely.

"Oh, no. She likes me to play the piano in public. She wishes me to be an artist."

"If you can assure me of her consent—" said Demiane rising.

"Wait a moment; I will go and speak to her," said Helen rapidly.

She went to the door, jumped so lightly over the pool and the maid's body that no one could say how she had done it. While the three visitors looked at each other smiling, they heard a heavy step on the floor.

"You are foolish," said a sleepy voice, "to sweep all the water into the passage."

"Well, Madame, where should I put it?" replied the maid, ceasing to clean.

"And how do you suppose I can pass?" answered the voice with more vivacity.

"Do as Mademoiselle does," said the girl, laughing; "jump! The gentlemen jumped too."

"Idiot!" said the voice. "Wipe it up at once."

The maid's rough hand appeared with a duster, and suddenly the scattered liquid disappeared into the dining-room, almost under the visitors' chairs, but no one took any notice of it. Little Helen's mother entered and bowed majestically to the three men, who rose. Her daughter had followed and remained behind her.

"You wish my daughter to accompany you?" she said to Demiane. "Good morning, M. Moline," she added aside, addressing the functionary.

"If it is possible, Madame," replied the artist, calling to his aid his most courteous manner.

"Oh, that is very easy; only she has no gown."

"I told you, Madame, that it could be ironed," said the maid, appearing in the doorway, but this time standing.

"That will do then. Do you play the violin?"

"I am the 'first prize' from the Moscow Conservatoire, Madame," said Demiane modestly.

Helen blushed and appeared disturbed. She had never played with a Conservatoire musician. Her mother, enchanted, smiled.

"Prepare then, little one," she said; "you will rehearse in the concert room."

"Oh no, mamma," said Helen timidly, "not at first."

"Very well then, here. The day after tomorrow, that is understood."

The young people rose and found their way out without having to jump; the maid had removed all difficulties.

"Is she not droll?" said Moline when they had gone a few steps.

"The mother?"

"No, the daughter."

"I do not know. I did not notice her much," replied Demiane.

"She resembles Madame Moutine," said Victor softly, "only her gown was so dirty."

"It matches the house," replied the functionary philosophically.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE daylight, streaming in through the four windows of the drawing-room in little Helen's home, fell disagreeably on the walls ornamented with an ugly grey paper with a yellow pattern—one of those papers that one may vainly seek anywhere else than in the most out-of-the-way places.

Four arched windows are almost enough to light any room, but when these enormous bay-windows are not relieved by the smallest particle of curtain, nor the least blade of verdure, when

the naked light is reflected again on a varnished parquet floor, and in a mirror which makes your nose look awry, one may be forgiven for feeling as if one had a sick headache.

Demiane put down his bow, wiped his forehead, and said to little Helen:

"Do you not think the light too strong here?"

Helen reddened and nervously turned over the leaves of the music on the music-rest of the piano.

"The blinds are being washed," she said, with an embarrassed air; "they were dirty."

Demiane thought that they washed a great deal in this house, and that, in spite of that, it did not appear very clean.

"We can have a folding screen," said Helen, leaving her stool with the quickness of a sylph. Before Demiane had time to open his mouth, she had disappeared. He wiped his forehead once more, and looked around him.

What traveller in Russia has not seen such an immense room, where several cane chairs are placed against the walls, looking sadly at enormous pier-glasses in massive mahogany frames, supported by brackets as heavy as the stones of a fortress, the said brackets supported by turned feet which suggest those of the elephants who carried away the ruined palaces of Angkor? The mirrors are common, but generally bevelled; narrow, but indefinitely long; one scarcely dares to look in them, so unflattering an appearance do they present. A bronze lustre hung from the ceiling; it had been covered with white gauze formerly when the house had been cared for, which had at least the advantage of hiding its nakedness and the outrages committed by the flies; since the house was neglected, it had no covering; moreover, it was not a handsome one. A grand piano, almost new, and always open, fortunately occupied a good deal of room in this vast desert. When a house is of good standing, one sees benches covered by yellow damask; white muslin curtains hanging from carved and gilded cornices; generally, there are white blinds and plants of rich foliage in the windows; the whole has an hospitable or at least a noble aspect. It is the chief room, that is to say the ball room.

The room in this house with the fine columns possessed but bare necessities—moreover the blinds were at the wash, as Helen had said; and of what use are vain ornaments? The piano at any rate was excellent, but that was the only piece of modern furniture which this vast dwelling contained.

While Demiane was blinking to escape the reflection from the polished floor, Helen returned, followed by the servant, who was carrying a light screen formed by little wooden laths painted black, and ornamented with osiers, the whole being lined with glazed green calico. This cheap piece of furniture is found in all Russian houses, generally in the servants' room; but this belonged to the mistress of the house.

"Where shall I put it?" asked the maid, laughing. She always laughed—on principle, no doubt.

"Before the gentleman, between the window and his desk."

"What an idea! A screen is always put behind the back to keep out the draughts; but who ever heard of putting it in front of anyone!"

"Do as I tell you," insisted Helen, in a sad voice, which was her way of expressing severity.

The maid obeyed, moved back a step to admire the effect, then shrugged her shoulders and went out.

"Shall we recommence?" said the young man, adjusting his violin.

Helen replied by a sign of her head, and

immediately struck the first chord. She was always ready, kept no one waiting, and asked for nothing. She played all in a breath—almost without breathing—the whole Allegro, and after the last note lowered her head and remained motionless as if she expected a reproach.

"You play quickly!" said Demiane, laughing; "I could scarcely follow you."

"Was it too quick?" asked Helen, turning towards him uneasily.

"Not at all! But I am not accustomed to be so well accompanied!"

"You are joking!" said the young girl, turning aside slightly. All her movements were quiet, as though she feared to make a noise or take up too much room. She seemed to reduce her small person, in order to occupy as little space as possible on the earth.

"I am not joking at all! Accompanists are detestable as a rule, it is a well-known fact. Oh! if I could always be accompanied like this I should rouse the world!"

He sighed, and pinched one of his violin strings.

"It will be a very fine concert," he continued, an instant after. "I am sure I shall play well."

"God grant it," whispered the girl, under her breath.

Demiane took up his bow, and they commenced the Andante with extraordinary precision; the piano and violin seemed but one instrument, so well did they agree. They continued thus, both being carried away by their art, all their feeling in the music, which transformed a duty into an exquisite enjoyment.

Demiane thought only of his art, intoxicated by the new satisfaction, unknown till now, of being able to completely forget the piano part; he allowed himself to play while being accompanied as he had never played except by himself; the result of this was that he heard, for the first time in his life, the music which he executed just as the musician has conceived it. The public only understands it under particularly happy circumstances, the performer only hears his own part well, and has of the whole but a vague impression; all the pleasure is the hearers'; all the trouble is the artist's! the latter is not really satisfied except when he plays for himself or the friends whose judgment he does not fear.

"It is splendid!" said the young man, when they had finished; "I have played this a hundred times, but never before have I understood it."

"Why?" asked Helen, whose red hands were lying languidly on the key-board.

"Because the piano part has been played as if it were a drudgery, but you play it like an artist! That is the difference. And with your little hands, too! How do you do it?"

Helen bent her head and looked at her hands; she found them very red and not too clean. The hands disappeared upon her knees, folded in each other.

"Do not hide them! They are brave little hands. Are you not tired?"

"No; I am never tired."

"Then we will play the second movement."

The music recommenced; it was getting late, the sun was sinking behind the neighbouring forest, and in the streets the shadows were falling fast; but the time did not appear long to the virtuosi, who worked with astonishing ardour, as any onlooker would have thought. When they had rehearsed everything, and were both completely satisfied, little Helen's mother made her appearance in the large empty room.

"Well now," she said, "are you pleased, M. Markof?"

"Enchanted, Madame, enchanted. Your daughter is a real artist, quite exceptional; I

have never heard such an accompanist. She will be a great artist, I assure you."

"Do you hear that, little Helen?"

"Yes, mamma," said the young girl, bending her head and closing the music-book.

"You will come and take a morsel of something with us, M. Markof," said Helen's mother, in a gracious manner. "You must be hungry."

Demiane was hungry, and he was not ashamed to say so; consequently, he followed the lady's majestic peignoir into a room almost as large as the one they had left, and as scantily furnished. The furniture was composed of eleven straw chairs—the twelfth was short of a leg and lying in the corner, three others were turned up—and a walnut dining-table, very old, so out of repair, that several of its supports were constantly giving way. Neither did the cupboard, or sideboard, or whatever it may have been called, in addition to the table and chairs, suffice to furnish such a dining-room. We westerns, who are accustomed to encumber ourselves with trinkets, cannot understand this primitive simplicity, but it did not shock Demiane at all—the wooden table alone would have sufficed for him.

"Take care, I beg you," said the hostess to him, "not to knock the table in sitting down, or you may upset the samovar."

Demiane took care, and consequently he knocked the foot of the table, endangering the equilibrium of the samovar; but little Helen had foreseen and prevented the accident by taking hold of one of its handles, and thus avoided the catastrophe.

"You should have your table repaired," he said to the lady, laughing.

"Oh! it has been like that for a long time. We are accustomed to it."

"Do you never upset it?"

"Almost every day; but we are accustomed to it."

Since the ladies made so light of such accidents, Demiane thought it would be indelicate to insist, so turned his attention to a covered plate which occupied the centre of the table.

"It is some fish from the Volga, M. Markof," said the lady, following his glance; "I hope you will find it to your taste."

Tea and fried fish. It was a questionable menu; however, Demiane made no objection, and the whole, supplemented by a few *hors d'œuvres*, he found excellent.

While enjoying this odd repast he glanced at the hostess. Little Helen's mother might have been any age, that is to say anything between thirty-five and fifty-five. Her stoutness was too great for health; her complexion was yellow and faded; her blue eyes should have been handsome, only they were tired and less dull than black; the little wrinkles around her mouth contrasted with the youthfulness of her forehead and her magnificent heavy brown hair, which forced the owner to slightly throw her head back. She wore a gown of claret-coloured silk, much worn and crumpled, but with a long train, and over it was a little paletot of light chamois cloth trimmed with silver lace, the whole tarnished and much stained. The expression of her face was sweet but sleepy, scarcely disturbed by the trouble of the repast, and from time to time some sharp remonstrance to a whole clan of servants who appeared one after another to bring or take away the plates.

"Perhaps you prefer coffee?" said the lady, when Demiane had swallowed two large cups of tea. "Pacha, Macha, Glafira, make some coffee, quickly!"

"No, thank you," cried Markof. "Impossible, Madame, I assure you."

But the maids had rushed into the kitchen, and the noise of the coffee mill was already

heard; the lady reassured her guest with a gesture.

"I am very fond of it," she said, "but it does not agree with me; I only allow myself to have it when we have company."

"If it is to do you a service," said Demiane, who could scarcely keep from laughing, "I can not refuse you."

The lady laughed, and placidly crossed her plump hands on her lap. She understood the joke very well.

"When will you have the second rehearsal?" she said in a soft and agreeable voice.

"I do not see any necessity for another rehearsal," replied Demiane; "it goes as well as one could wish."

Little Helen threw the young artist a grateful look, but so fugitive that it scarcely went beyond his cravat.

"But," he added, "if Mademoiselle can spare me an hour or two more, I shall be very pleased to play some other pieces with her, some that I shall not play here, but which will serve for the concerts I shall give this summer along the banks of the Volga."

"Nothing is easier," said her mother graciously; "little Helen will be enchanted to practise with so eminent an artist."

They exchanged between themselves polite salutations, and the young girl, always upright on her chair, looked at her red hands with a shadow of sadness.

"Helen, thank Monsieur for his kindness in contributing to your improvement."

"And to my own," added the young man without looking at the little pianist.

The coffee appeared very seasonably; when one has finished complimenting, nothing remains but to separate, at least at a favourable opportunity, and Demiane, a little lazy after so good a repast, did not feel disposed to leave immediately. In spite of his protestations, he accepted a cup of coffee, and the feasting commenced anew.

"One should indeed come to the provinces for a good appetite," said the artist at last, to excuse a greediness of which he was ashamed.

"It is the air," said the lady.

"Probably. Who has taught your daughter to play the piano?" he asked, more out of politeness than from curiosity.

"The bandmaster of our regiment. When the Colonel, my husband, was alive, we had an excellent bandmaster; he played the piano beautifully, and composed some astonishing waltzes; and he took a fancy to little Helen, and while she was quite a child he taught her what he knew."

"He had a good pupil."

"She has profited by his lessons, and it is well," said her mother, sighing; "for she must earn her living by it. I have a pension from government, and this house belongs to me; but what is the use of that?—and a small property a little outside the town, inland; but the whole does now not bring in much income."

She sighed again, and her daughter fixed on her her sad eyes, sadder than ever. Little Helen had heard this tale told many times, no doubt, and in the same terms; but she could not accustom herself to it, at least not sufficiently to remain indifferent. Demiane understood why she never smiled.

How she must be wearied! he thought to himself. "But Mademoiselle plays at the concerts that are given here," he replied, aloud. "I suppose she does not do it gratuitously?"

"I beg your pardon; it is for honour, or pleasure, or what you will," replied her mother, with some bitterness, "and then they do not find her elegant enough—they must have new gowns! And how do they suppose I can buy them?"

Demiane said to himself that, if the concert were a success, before leaving the town he would send some pretty present to the young pianist.

"Do you think," continued the lady, "that when you return to Moscow you could find us some lessons? When I say 'us' I mean her, you understand. If you could ferret out some pupils for her I would leave this town without regret, I assure you."

"Have you lived here a long time?" asked Demiane, mechanically.

"I was born and married here. My father loved play too much; he lost everything, and my husband had not a sou. We adored each other?"

"Oh, what foresight!" thought the artist.

"I was only married eight years. Since the death of my husband I have had no heart for anything, so then I returned here."

Helen bent her neck and kissed her mother's hand tenderly.

"She is a good child, M. Markof," added the lady, "and she does what she can. Try and find her some lessons; we shall be very grateful to you."

"I will try," he replied; "and I hope to succeed."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The concert was superb, as people say on the banks of the Volga. Demiane experienced that day the intoxication of those absurd triumphs in which the Slavonic race seems to place the whole of the exuberance of which usually they are so economical. Victor enjoyed his share of the generous nectar which overflowed from his brother's cup, and enjoyed himself almost as much as if he had been the hero of the day.

Whilst one of the town "stars" played a piece on the zither as insipid as the instrument itself (but then he had taken a hundred and twenty tickets), little Helen glided near Victor, and took the seat next his. Her victory was prompt and easy; the key to the poor boy's heart was his brother Demiane, and the lock was soon opened.

"Do you love him very much?" she asked, in conclusion, after she had obtained a good deal of information.

Victor nodded his head energetically.

"Did you not make his violin?"

"Oh! not by myself! Our friend André helped me very much; our friend André is very clever."

Little Helen became very thoughtful.

"I have no friends," she said; "no brothers, no sisters, nothing!"

"That is very sad," said Victor, affectionately.

He was the brother of all those who complained of their destiny.

"Mamma is very good, but——"

She lowered her head.

"She is not young enough for you?" suggested Victor.

"It is not that. She does not like to be disturbed."

"You would like to go into the world, perhaps?"

"Not at all! I only love music."

"What is it then?" said the brave boy, for whom worldly conventionalities kept a great many secrets.

"Nothing much. We are not rich, that is the misfortune!"

"Neither are we rich," said Victor, laughing. "What does that matter? Can you believe that once we lived in corners?"

"Corners?"

He was obliged to explain to little Helen what a corner was; she smiled an instant, and said—

"How droll!" then resumed her preoccupied air.

"I should like to earn some money," she said, lifting her eyes to the platform, that she might see the people in the hall. "How could I earn money?"

Victor indicated by a gesture the hall, and the audience.

"There!" said he, "the means are not so bad."

The young girl sighed.

"It is so difficult!" she said.

"Not for you, at all! You play the piano like an angel! You would earn a great deal at Moscow; go there!"

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it! What a pity you cannot come with us along the Volga! We should do wonders!"

The performer on the zither retired, his instrument in his hand, with the joy of a merited success depicted on his countenance.

"It is our turn!" said Demiane, who was returning by the opposite door. He had gone out to breathe a whiff of fresh air, for the heat was truly intolerable.

He returned into the hall, little Helen under his arm, and was greeted with frantic applause. He smiled, bowed, and drew himself up, while the young girl quietly arranged the music on the piano. She felt a calm joy in hearing them praise this artist, born in a village, and become a first prize at the Conservatoire solely by work and sheer force of will. Demiane's success appeared to her an act of justice done by Fate. After having lived in a *corner*, this hero could aspire to a palace.

The concert ended. Demiane had scarcely time to thank his young partner. She discreetly vanished, escorted by the rejoicing fat maid, who was wearing for the occasion on her shoulders a green cape, with yellow flowers of a truly surprising effect; and she returned to her home to make tea for her mother, who had been that day suffering from palpitations, and was obliged to keep her bed.

While she was returning to the large and wretched house, Demiane had all his work to do to protect himself from the kindness of the townspeople. All the amateurs promised him their help; the General's wife, escorted by her daughter, made him promise that he would come and take tea that very evening; and all the young people, addressing him, made a deafening clamour. He was obliged to promise a second concert for the following Thursday, and the enthusiastic crowd dispersed to carry the news through the whole of Jaroslav, and to provoke those who had not been before, by relating the previous triumph, to come and assist at the next concert.

The General's wife had invited for that evening all the best people in Jaroslav. The motives for her sudden change of humour were very simple. Demiane had not been to see her since his first visit; the General having been suffering from the gout, had not been able to play his duet, and our friend had other things to do than to go and inquire about him, as no doubt he should have done. The General's wife was burning with desire to see again this handsome young man, and, moreover, she had heard of the singular repast at which he had assisted with little Helen's mother. Cruel jealousy had taken possession of her soul, and she had resolved herself to exhibit Demiane to all the flower of the town! On what little things do the destinies of empires hang!

Demiane would have much liked to go to bed, though it was scarcely four o'clock; but Victor was very hungry, for he had eaten nothing since the evening before, so much was

he overcome with anxiety and hope. The two brothers had declined a dozen invitations to dinner, under pretext of fatigue, and went to their hotel, where a meal was served them in their room. Demiane looked disdainfully at the food, made three turns in the large room—hung with blue and brown paper, in large patterns, and as little favourable to sleep as such rooms usually are—and threw himself on his bed. Victor stopped the spoonful of soup which he was carrying to his mouth half way, and looked at him uneasily.

"Go on," said the musician; "do not trouble about me. It seems that after every concert I must have the same relapse! Bah! perhaps by-and-bye we can alter it."

He yawned, turned round, and tried to sleep; but the noise outside rendered sleep impossible. The lively noise of the traktirs, augmented since the morning, and the air shivering moreover with the vibration of the *balaikas*, tambourines, accordions, and all the other instruments which the people play! After several vain attempts to sleep, Demiane sat down on the edge of his bed, rubbed his eyes, and said to his brother:

"Do you know how much the concert has brought us in?" Victor drew out his memorandum book and read:

"Expenses, ninety-two roubles; receipts, five hundred and one roubles; net receipt, four hundred and twenty-nine roubles, which are in my side pocket."

"As much as that?" said Demiane, jumping up, now wide awake.

"Certainly! Do you think I am mistaken?" The young artist approached the table.

"Let me see the Jaroslavite money," he said.

"It is just like the Muscovite," he said, after having handled the bank notes. "What shall we give to little Helen?"

"Give the money to her mother. They are not rich; little Helen told me so."

"Very well. We shall give—How much?"

"Twenty-five roubles?"

Demiane shrugged his shoulders.

"You are joking," he said; "fifty would not be too much. Do you think she will accept it?"

"I do not doubt it—the mother, I mean. The young girl appears to me very disinterested."

"Very well! I will go and order a bouquet for her. Give me an envelope to put in the money for the mother?"

While this operation was being accomplished, Demiane whistled a popular air.

"It is a pity," he said, "that we cannot have an accompanist with us; it would prevent so much time being wasted, so many useless rehearsals! But it is a luxury I cannot at present afford."

"Without taking into consideration," said Victor, "that one sometimes find one's master that way! Some of those people are so disagreeable."

"Well, of course! Are you coming?" said the musician, taking up his hat.

"If you do not want me, I should prefer first to finish my dinner!"

Demiane went out smiling, and went to a florist of whom he had just heard at the hotel. The bouquet ordered, our friend allowed himself the pleasure of seeing it arranged. Men become weary of the pleasure of sending bouquets; it seems that women may also weary of receiving them, although it appears a hazardous assertion; but the first bouquet which one receives or sends has a peculiar fascination. It is a delightful enjoyment, a thing which recalls to the mind or evokes in the recollection a whole series of delightful remembrances. There is no more real equality among flowers than among men; no law could make a rich clumsy fellow equal

in the world's estimation to an aristocrat without fortune, any more than a bouquet of tulips will produce the same effect as a handful of lilies of the valley—and the gardenia will not call up the same ideas as a harebell, however charming a bouquet of wild flowers may be.

When the bouquet was finished, Demiane gazed at it in admiration; they were the first flowers which he had offered to a woman, and he felt grateful to little Helen for being the cause of this new enjoyment.

"To whom shall I send it?" asked the florist, with a knowing smile.

At the name of the young virtuosa the smile disappeared; little Helen was not an interesting person. However, a boy was dispatched with Demiane's card.

At the moment when the latter was about to follow his messenger, a ray of sunlight fell across the street, the young man turned his back to seek the shade, and he soon came to the fields. The sun was there also, but behind a large clump of beech trees, whose tangled branches formed a very nice screen. In the shadow of these fine trees our friend enjoyed a short siesta, full of dreams and visions.

When he awoke, the sun was hidden behind the neighbouring forest, leaving just sufficient light for objects to be seen without casting a shadow. This soft light was conducive to agreeable impressions, and it was with a mind free from all care that Demiane went towards little Helen's home.

As he approached, some well-known sounds greeted his ear. It was the piano arrangement of Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony, which is simply a hymn of joy; the impressive sounds of the high notes, the shuddering of the bass notes, all seemed to be hastening to one joyful end; giving one the impression of a fine spring day, clear and sunny—one of those days on which one cannot be sad, and when, cost what it may, one must walk among the trees, scarcely yet budding.

How little Helen played this joyous Symphony! How she threw into it that expression which *fortes*, *pianos*, *accelerandos*, and *rallentandos* of the score can never, however carefully noted, produce of themselves! What care she bestowed on it! She played as if she was herself composing this music—which might have been borne on a butterfly's wing—and the sounds were wafted into the calm, beautiful, evening air; one might imagine that they were going to rejoin some invisible home of harmony, above the blue sky, in which the swallows described their fantastic circles.

Demiane slackened his pace, and finally stopped. The windows of the house were wide open, but no one was visible; he waited till the Allegro was finished, and then rang. Little Helen jumped off her stool, and appeared on the threshold of the drawing-room just as he reached the ante-chamber. At sight of the young man her face became rosy red, and she made a slight movement towards him, as suddenly repressed.

"You possess extraordinary talent," said Demiane to her, without even waiting to wish her good afternoon.

"What a beautiful bouquet you sent me!" she replied, as if some relationship existed between the two ideas.

They entered the drawing-room together, and Demiane saw his bouquet on the grand piano in a common vase, placed above the music-stand so that one could always see it while playing.

"Indeed, it is pretty," he said, smiling; "but it is the gardener whom you must thank."

"I have never before received a bouquet," said little Helen, bending over the roses to smell them.

"And I have never before sent one; how comical!" said Demiane, laughing. "Will you continue your Symphony?"

"Will it give you pleasure?"

"Certainly! otherwise I should not have asked you."

She sat down at the piano without hesitation, and commenced the little *Allegro*, so modest, so melancholy, and so simple, with a shadow now and then cast across this sunny picture. While she played, a thousand different impressions were painted on her face, as modest and sweet as the music; she felt what the master had wished, and, what was rarer, knew how to express it.

"Again!" said Demiane, when she had finished.

She continued, and the Minuet under her fingers regained the fantastic and undulating movement of butterflies in the June air. Joy was expressed much on her face like the sunlight in the room, and Demiane expressed himself charmed when she had finished.

"That is excellent, excellent," he said while the performer was resting and plunging her little nose into her bouquet. "You are very wrong not to play alone in public. You have that in your ten fingers which would win you a reputation."

"I should never dare!" said Helen, looking at him with a frightened air.

"I assure you that I have heard those who play much worse than you, perform in public." She shook her head.

"Here they will never admit that I can play alone in a concert. I am only good to accompany, and they know it well. I know it well, too!"

"That is not my idea," replied Demiane. "By the by, when shall we give our second concert?"

"Is it true, then, that there will be a second concert? I am very glad of it! We will play anything you like!" said Helen, with an expression of childish joy.

Demiane looked at her attentively for the first time.

"How old are you?" he said to her in astonishment.

"Nineteen years old. Do I not look like a little girl?"

"Yes and no; that depends. I thought you younger, however."

"Everyone thinks me younger, and calls me little Helen because I am so small."

Demiane measured her with his eyes; she was not little, however, but she was so thin and slender, so delicate; her feet and hands, her whole form was so fragile that she appeared to be a child. Seeing herself thus the object of the young man's attention, she appeared disturbed, and returned to her bouquet, her great friend and consolation.

"I am happy to-day," she said. "It is a long time—oh! a very long time—since I have been so happy. It is because the concert has succeeded so well."

"Wait," said Demiane. "Your mamma? I quite forgot to ask you how she is."

"She is no worse; she is still in bed. That is often the case."

"That she is ill?"

"Yes; and remains in bed. But I can play on the piano all the same, it does not disturb her."

"I have something for her."

"I will take it to her," said Helen hastily; "what is it?"

Demiane put two fingers in his pocket; then he hesitated and blushed.

"I would rather," he said, "send it by the maid."

Helen called the maid, who immediately ap-

peared. She had abandoned her green cape, but her well-soaped face was shining as usual.

"Take this to Madame," he said to this rural Abigail, giving her the closed envelope.

Helen followed with her eyes the message and the messenger, and a shadow appeared on her face; then she looked at the young musician with an air of fear and reproach, but without daring to speak.

In his turn, Demiane, feeling confused, approached the bouquet and sniffed a sprig of heliotrope.

"Madame wishes to speak to you," said Iris, returning.

He followed her into an odd chamber, still more oddly furnished. A camp bedstead was in the middle of the room, and on the bed, fully dressed and covered with an old grey pelisse, little Helen's mamma was taking a cup of tea. Cinders and debris from a prodigious number of cigarettes filled a tray on a chair by her side. The little osier screen, which had once shielded the young man's eyes from the too powerful sunlight in the drawing-room, had resumed its place before her bed; two or three chairs, encumbered by toilet necessities; a washstand, of which the water-jug was minus the handle, besides being chipped elsewhere; a pair of embroidered slippers on the edge of the bed; and a pack of cards, scattered on a table, completed the furniture.

"Sit down, M. Markof," said the lady, pointing to a chair at the foot of her bed, which the maid dusted with her apron before offering to him; "I must thank you for the generosity you have displayed to us. The bouquet was sufficient."

Demiane smiled; this point of view appeared to him original, but he was so surprised with what he saw around him that he had no time to think of any reply.

"I hope," continued her mother, "that you will bring good luck to my little Helen; it is the first time that her talent has brought her anything!"

"It will soon enrich her, I hope," said Demiane politely.

"I doubt it! No one is a prophet in his own country, you know, M. Markof; we must quit Jaroslav; and, without friends or protection, where can two lone women go?"

Demiane shook his head approvingly.

"And then," he said, "no doubt you cling to this house, and to your habits?"

"My habits! It is a long time since I have had any. I sleep upon this camp bed which you see; it belonged to my dear husband, when he accompanied his regiment. I was married here, but I followed the Colonel in all his campaigns, and only returned here when he died. I assure you that in this kind of life one does not acquire habits!"

"Are you fond of Jaroslav?"

"Not at all! It is a horrible town. The aristocracy are insupportably proud; they would never acknowledge me their equal, and yet, by birth, I am as good as any. But Colonel is no degree; one should be General. And then I am not rich. All the same, M. Markof; it is very kind of you, and thank you very much."

The artist rose, bowed, and returned to the drawing-room, where Helen awaited him with the same air of uncertain reproach; but, seeing Demiane's calmness, she resumed her ordinary expression.

"To-morrow," he said, holding out his hands, "I shall come at noon, and we will select our pieces."

"Are you going? I expected you would remain to tea."

"I am invited to the General's. You will be there, no doubt?"

"I am not invited," she said, hanging her head. "They never invite me when they have company."

"So much the worse for them," said the young man, frowning; "it does no credit to their taste. To-morrow, then."

"Bring your brother," she said timidly, following him out.

"Ah! You have made his acquaintance."

"He is so good! I am sure I shall like him very much. He will come, will he not?"

"He will be only too happy to obey you."

The door closed upon Demiane, and Helen, from the window, saw him walk along, his head erect, beautiful and proud as an Apollo. When he had disappeared she returned to the piano, strummed a little, and smelt her bouquet—then all at once an idea occurred to her, and she went to seek her mother.

"Little one," said the latter, on seeing her, "guess how much M. Markof has given us for the concert."

The little one's eyes dilated strangely, and she did not reply.

"Fifty roubles, my dear. It is the first money you have earned; make the sign of the cross with it, that it may bring you good luck."

Helen obeyed mechanically, then returned the bank-note to her mother.

"We shall make you a new gown for the next concert, a beautiful tarletane gown. Shall it be pink?"

"White, mamma, if you please."

"As you like. Send the maid with your old gown that I may see how much material will be needed."

Helen went out to execute her mother's order, but, instead of returning to assist at the conference, she went straight to her bouquet.

The evening was approaching gradually, as it does in that latitude at this time of year; the drawing-room, less lighted, seemed also less sad and naked. Little Helen could dream there at her ease. She commenced to walk slowly up and down the room, stopping a little every time she passed the flowers, and soon, without knowing why, she found her face covered with tears. The serenity of this day had been disturbed—By what? It was very nice to have earned so much money. Earned! The first money that one earns always gives rise to so many new thoughts and emotions to one commencing life! Yes; but it should not have been given by Demiane. She would have been so happy to play for him without salary, only for the honour. She suddenly seized her bouquet, plunged her face into it, and let her tears flow over the roses.

(To be continued.)

New Music.

—:o:—

FORSYTH BROTHERS, Regent Circus, Oxford Street.

Nordisa. Romantic Opera. By F. Corder.

We have elsewhere fully described this interesting work, and we have only to add that the score is beautifully printed, the words of the whole action and the stage directions given in full, and the prominent features of the instrumentation indicated. We may call attention to the low price (5s.) at which the work is published.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Love's Philosophy and *My True Love hath my Heart*. Songs by C. F. Abdy Williams.

The words of these songs prepossess us in their favour. The first is taken from Shelley, and the second is the beautiful poem of Lovelace, which Mr. Marzials has used for his well-known Canon. The music of both songs is graceful and suited to the words, and the accompaniment is delicately manipulated. "My true love hath my heart is the prettier of the two."

Mr. Frederic Corder.

THE production of "Nordisa" in London has raised a conflict of opinion respecting the genius of its author and his adherence to the convictions of the school of composers who recognise Wagner as their master. The influence of the great German composer on operatic art has caused a development of a stream of musical culture. As poet, artist, and musician, the doctrines of Wagner have influenced Mr. Corder's past thought and works; but it has been urged by some critics that in "Nordisa" he has left his first love, stultified his convictions, and written below his ideals.

Enough has been said from time to time, in the history of music as an art, of the inferiority of English composers for us to regard Mr. Corder's achievements as a success.

The history of opera is progressive. Italy has been its cradle, the home of the Teuton has seen its further development, and there are not wanting signs that in England opera in the future will attain a fuller growth. Foremost among the band of rising English operatic composers stands Frederic Corder. His striking and intellectual qualities of mind, and the versatility of his genius, mark him out as a man fitted to take part in this progressive movement and become distinguished in the future. His power of acquiring knowledge, capacity to see the relation of one subject to another, and varied gifts of mind, would enable him, if he devoted his energies to this side of musical art, to develop English opera to no slight extent. For, like Wagner, he possesses mechanical, artistic, and poetic powers of mind. If anything, he is too gifted, and the danger is he may undertake too much and get his hands too full.

A slight sketch of the past career of Mr. Corder may not at the present time be without interest to our readers. He was born in London on the 26th of January, 1852, and educated at Blackheath. It was intended that he should devote himself to commercial pursuits, and for this purpose he entered a merchant's office at the age of eighteen. But the study of music possessing greater attractions for him, he left commercial life when he was twenty to devote himself exclusively to music. In 1873 he became student at the Royal Academy of Music, gained the Mendelssohn's Scholarship in 1875, and thereafter continued his studies at Cologne, under the late Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. He was twenty-seven when his term of the Mendelssohn's Scholarship expired, and after a tour in Italy he returned to England in the autumn of 1879. In 1880 he was appointed Music Director at the Brighton Aquarium, where his Saturday Concerts, owing to the high class and beautiful music performed, attracted the attention and approbation of musicians. Mr. Corder's wish to render music of an elevated character popular with the public—who in this place of resort had been accustomed to a light kind of music—did not find favour with the directors of the Aquarium, and in 1882 he resigned his appointment, being unwilling to conduct the concerts on their lines.

For the past five years Mr. Corder has occupied himself in composition and occasional musical criticism, contributing to periodical literature, being aided by his accomplished wife in many of the literary undertakings with which

his name is connected. The list of Mr. Corder's published works is as follows:—

1. Three Songs (Novello) ... 1880
2. "O sun that wak'nest" (Tennyson Album). Tenor Song ... 1881
3. Slumber Song ... 1883
4. "Edward, Edward." Ballad for Contralto ... 1883
5. The Minstrel's Curse. Ballad for declamation, with Pianoforte Accompaniment... 1884
6. River Songs. Four Trios for female voices ... 1883
7. A few Part-Songs ... 1883-6
8. Dreamland. An Ode for chorus and orchestra ... 1883
9. The Bridal of Triermain. Cantata ... 1885
10. Nordisa. Opera ... 1887
11. Prospero. Concert Overture ... 1887

His unpublished works include 3 overtures, 2 operas, 3 operettas, 3 orchestral suites, &c. It was not, however, until last year, after the production of his cantata, "The Bridal of Triermain," at the Wolverhampton Musical Festival, that he took a prominent place among our rising composers. He was commissioned to write "Nordisa," his latest work, by Mr. Carl Rosa. In this opera he has manifested his individuality of mind, skilfully combining beauty of orchestration with melodies that will live; and the public appreciates his honest efforts notwithstanding the critics depreciate his work.

In private domestic life Mr. Corder is a man of highly social and friendly nature, tender-hearted, fond of children, generous, and gifted with a keen perception and intuitive knowledge of character. He has a great amount of information, a good memory, can use his knowledge to the best advantage, and is a pleasant, companionable, reliable man.

Like other men of genius, Mr. Corder has laboured for years without obtaining much recognition. High Art is a culture not understood all at once by the multitude, and its votaries often find their income reach a large minus quantity before substantial public appreciation comes; in this respect Mr. Corder has been like other art workers. He is, however, now becoming well known. We understand he has undertaken a commission to write a cantata for the next Leeds Festival, and further, is meditating writing a grand opera. Mr. Corder is ambitious; he is a man who will quickly notice any slight defects in his work, his powers of mind and individuality will enable him to mark out his own path and take at their value the chaff and wheat of musical criticism on his works. We doubt not the future productions of his genius will be an advance on past efforts, and carry his reputation onward. His temperament and physical development are favourable to long life, and, his aspiration being great, he will make his influence a power in the future. In our music supplement we give a fragment from one of Mr. Corder's unpublished operas founded on Hans Andersen's story from the San-dunes.

Literature of Music.

Music and Manners.*

(Continued.)

THE relative importance of opera constitutes the most striking point of contrast between music at home and music abroad. This is illustrated by Mr. Kingston in a full description of the opera in Berlin, which he selects as typical of the advantages and disadvantages of the continental system. The choice is a happy one. In cer-

* Music and Manners. Personal Reminiscences and Sketches of Character. By W. Beatty-Kingston. 2 Vols. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1887.)

tain respects we must give the palm to Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg; but it is at Berlin that the principle of the establishment of opera on a permanent basis is most fully recognised. At Berlin every member of the staff, from the *Prima Donna Assolutissima* down to the humblest scene-shifter, has an appointment as secure as that of a Government clerk, and the means for all this are provided in a large grant from the Emperor's privy purse. Apart from the question of correct intonation, of which more anon, Mr. Kingston speaks very highly of the artistic result. As the director need not depend entirely on pieces that will "draw," every different style is represented in the repertoire. Even England, or rather Ireland, has won a place with Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," which appears under the name "Zigeunermädchen." French operas meet with a different reception at Berlin from that accorded to "Lohengrin" in Paris. Even during the height of the war of 1870, Gounod, Halévy, and Auber were never withdrawn from the boards. This catholicity is combined with encouragement of native, especially local, talent. Thus, "Merlin," a work by a resident in Berlin (Herr Rüfer), was produced last March. But, like other permanent institutions, the Berlin opera is inclined to be Conservative as compared with its pushing rivals at Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg. Thus, there is no talk of the production of "Otello," and we believe that even Wagner's "Tetralogy" has never yet been given at Berlin in a complete form. There is another drawback to the permanent system. It takes a good many years to earn a pension, and we may sometimes see sylphs of sixty pirouetting in the ballet. We must draw the line at a sylph of sixty, but within this limit we will charitably remember that experience is bought with years. It is only after years of common training that the harmony of a Berlin *ensemble* can be attained.

Mr. Kingston feels that we must be depressed by the reflection that there are a hundred similar institutions on the Continent, while opera with us is left to struggle on upon a purely commercial basis. He accordingly tries to cheer us up a bit by pointing out that in one respect we despised English are more musical than the favoured Continentals. We insist upon having an orchestra in every theatre. There is no scraping of catgut at such theatres as the Burgtheater in Vienna, the Théâtre Français in Paris, or the Teatro Español in Madrid, where dramas alone are given. It is held by Continental authorities that "the interruption of a dramatic unity by musical interludes, for the most part irrelevant to the story or fundamental thought (Grundidee) of the piece, is a barbarism not to be tolerated by properly trained and justly-balanced intelligences; and that music in connection with the drama, unless interwoven with the dialogue and made essential to the action by the express intention and will of the author, is an anachronism and incongruity unworthy alike of an æsthetic management and a thoughtful, conscientious public." This sounds very grand, but in practice do these artistic heroes deny themselves the pleasure of conversation between the acts? This is quite as distracting as a musical interlude, and the latter is often an agreeable relief from the excitement of the action. As regards music during the action—*solvitur auditendo*, that is, go to the Lyceum. We confess we are old-fashioned enough even to like the traditional slow music which accompanies the stealthy approach of the villain. Our practice is in any case good for music and musicians, if it is bad for the drama; and even the Germans seem to be coming round to our way of

thinking, to judge from the fact that an orchestra was recently provided for the Schauspielhaus in Berlin.

The attitude towards music and the drama is quite different at home and abroad. Music with us is a luxury, an "extra"; but in Germany, says Mr. Kingston, it is methodically provided for in the domestic budget. Music thus loses the slightest *souffron* of Bohemianism. One indication of this is the cheapness of the theatres—even a stall at the Opera only costs six shillings, at the minor theatres not more than three shillings. Another is the earliness of the hours—the Opera in Berlin is always over by half-past nine. In Vienna, audiences begin to show signs of impatience after nine o'clock. The Viennese all live in flats, and if they are not home by ten, they have to pay a fine to the janitor for opening the outer door, which is closed at that hour. This fiend in human shape eagerly watches for the first stroke of ten to close the door, and paterfamilias is equally determined to balk the monster of his prey. The Berliners are not in the same way at the mercy of the janitor, but they, too, become impatient after half-past nine. They resemble, says Mr. Kingston, the hero of Sam Weller's inimitable crumpet story in the respect that "their habits are regular, and they don't intend to be put out of their way by nobody." One rather unpleasant result of these early hours is that operas have not infrequently to be curtailed, or even mutilated. Thus Mr. Kingston has heard Niemann omit half of "Salve Dimora," and Mlle. Baumgarten more than half of the Jewel song in "Faust."

The universal recognition of public amusements as an essential part of life, is well shown in a sketch of Bille's Popular Concerts in Berlin. At these concerts the hall is crowded with an audience composed of people who would in England be sitting quietly at home, or at best might be absorbed in the whirling dissipation of tea-fights. The gentlemen smoke, and the ladies knit; the waiters run about with veal cutlets and Lager beer for both ladies and gentlemen; meanwhile, Bille's splendid band is playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Gounod's Ave Maria, the Coronation March from "Le Prophete," or the Overture to "William Tell." Such is the scene at what Mr. Kingston whimsically calls a Meeting of the Orchestral Knitting and Roast Veal Association.

Were it not for the orchestra, the festive garnishment of the wooden supper-tables, and the wreaths of tobacco-smoke floating upwards toward the roof—where they stop, no means of exit being provided for them—one might fancy that he had strayed into the bosom of a Dorcas Society. Family groups, consisting of mamma, Aunt Minna, and four or five strapping Frauleins, are gathered round huge work-baskets, as busy as bees in the honey-making season. Click, click, go the needles—chatter, chatter the tongues—clink and clatter the plates, knives, and forks with a surprising din that is only partially abated now and anon, when the Kapellmeister raps his desk energetically with his baton. Anything more strictly respectable than the *matériel* of which the assembly is composed cannot be imagined. Materfamilias brings her whole brood of daughters, leaving pater at home to mind the shop or read his paper in peace and quiet; the buxom young chickens range themselves decorously round the "good fat hen," and stick to their Berlin wool as if the one aim and object of their lives were to knit an indefinite number of comforters. Presently, however, comes a refreshment interlude: large mugs of beer and smoking piles of *Braten* are brought to the table, which is promptly cleared of wool-balls, scissors, and other industrial impedimenta, and the ladies fall to with appetites worthy of Uhlans. Meanwhile the orchestra is playing a rhapsody of Liszt, an overture of Weber, or a waltz of Gungl. The programme is alternately music and a bill of fare.

Musical *motivi* are interpolated between the items of the *Speiskarte*, roast pig and plums become mixed up in your mind with a triumphal march or a doleful dirge, as the case may. The entertainment runs something in this wise—a plate of red cabbage, an adagio of Beethoven, and the foot of a stocking.

Mr. Kingston finds that Northern audiences, especially in Berlin, are severely intellectual. It will be remembered that Count Von Hochberg, the director of the Berlin Opera, recently forbade the artistes even to bow in recognition of applause during the action. In fact, some members of the audience are so intellectual as to become priggish. Mr. Kingston was much annoyed at the male and female guys who came to the opera armed with full scores, and obtrusively turned over the leaves with a combined flap. These were fanatics whom "the merest ghost of a remark would cause to turn sharp round upon its utterer, glare at him with blood-curdling ferocity, and give vent to an angry hiss resembling the hostile warning which a cantankerous old gander addresses to a dog seeking whom it may devour on a village green."

This unpleasant intellectuality is tempered in Vienna with the Hungarian and Slavonic elements in the population. In Italy an audience gives its feelings free play without any attempt at analysis, and its sentiments of displeasure are expressed with no less vigour than those of approbation. Mr. Kingston was once present at a performance of "Il Trovatore" in a small provincial town in Italy. Manrico was a "star" engaged for the occasion, but he sang out of tune—a crime which no Italian audience will tolerate. He was assailed with cries of "Bestia," "Asinaccio," "Infame," and other pleasing epithets, and at the end of the first act there was a general exodus of the entire audience. "Where have they all gone to?" asked Mr. Kingston. With a sad smile, the official replied, "Oh! they've gone to the market." So they had, and they soon came back with loads of stale fruit and rotten vegetables, with which they pelted the unfortunate tenor during the rest of the performance. Spanish audiences are easily moved, but not with concerted music. They delight in narrative ballads, sentimental love songs, and the infinite varieties of the Seguidilla and Bolero.

The chapters on Japan, India, Roumania, and Servia are very entertaining. The practice of apprenticing girls as musicians in Japan is described. These Geshias, as they are called, are apprenticed at the age of five, and serve in tea houses and inns for fifteen years, during which they gradually accumulate a dowry. The practice is one that appears to be liable to abuse. In describing music in India, Mr. Kingston tells us that some few years ago a pundit rejoicing in the name of Sourindro Mohun Tajore, published, at the instance of the London National Anthem Committee, a dozen different versions of "God Save the Queen" for the benefit of our Indian fellow-subjects. It was necessary that Sikhs, Mah-rattas, and Bengalis should be able to sing the National Anthem in their own respective styles. How much of "God Save the Queen" was left we may infer from the Siamese performances of that tolerably well-known air at the Albert Hall in 1885. They had got the length of "Long to reign over us" before we had any idea what they were playing! Mr. Kingston first gives us to understand that Roumania is the most unmusical nation under the sun, and then says the same thing about Servia. He somewhat weakens the force of his attack on Roumania by a sympathetic account of the minstrels known as the Laotari, but Servia is dismissed with an

anecdote in the vein of Mark Twain. It goes back to the days when Belgrade was still garrisoned with Turkish troops, and the curious will find that Mr. Kingston's description of Turkish music is not exactly complimentary.

The remainder of the book is devoted to anecdotes of Wagner and Strauss, an able essay on Pianists and "Pianism," a graphic sketch of Adelina Patti's castle at Craig-y-nos (the fullest account that has yet been published), and a terrific onslaught on the intonation at the Opera in Berlin. Here the reader will feel the good of the supply of salt which we recommended him to take in. Mr. Kingston writes in a tone of obvious exaggeration, and he does not even take the trouble to be consistent. On p. 345 he refers to Madame von Voggenhuber as a distinguished exception to the general practice of singing out of tune. On p. 59 he says that to hear her in "Don Giovanni" was an experience never to be recalled to mind without a shudder. It is unfortunate that Mr. Kingston should be unable to resist the temptation to say something smart, in season or out of season; but apart from this serious fault, his matter and manner are alike excellent. He deals with a variety of interesting questions, and there is not a single dull page in either of his two thick volumes.

The Bride of Messina.

— : —

SHILLER'S tragedy "The Bride of Messina" forms the subject of an interesting opera by Herr Bonawitz, which was given for the first time in London at the Portman Rooms, in concert form, on the 23rd of April.

Two brothers, Don Cesar and Don Manuel, princes of Messina, have been at deadly enmity; but when the opera opens they have been reconciled through the intercession of their mother, Donna Isabella. Donna Isabella hopes to strengthen the bond of union with the love of a sister, Beatrice, whose existence has been kept secret. But both brothers have already seen this sister in the convent where she has been secluded and she has inspired in both a fiery passion. Don Manuel penetrates into the garden of the convent, and is surprised in the arms of Beatrice by Don Cesar, who kills him in an outburst of jealousy. Don Cesar learns too late that Beatrice is his sister, and, agonised with remorse, stabs himself, crying, "Manuel, I follow thee."

Herr Bonawitz's music shows considerable talent. It is mainly cast in the Wagnerian mould, but it is by no means devoid of melodic charm. The subject is uniformly gloomy, and affords little scope for variety in musical treatment. Herr Bonawitz has, however, made the most of his materials.

An excellent march accompanies the approach of Don Manuel's retinue with presents for Beatrice, and the love-duet between Beatrice and Don Manuel is at once tender and passionate. The chorus is used with effect, and the opera is scored throughout in a scholarly manner. Herr Bonawitz is, perhaps, rather too fond of trombones.

An opera written on Wagnerian lines loses much when performed in a concert room; but, on the other hand, it is very doubtful if "The Bride of Messina" would prove successful on the stage. There is far too little action. For example, the death of Don Cesar is followed by a very long piece for the orchestra during which the sun rises over Messina as a sign of expiation. An English gallery would want more than the rising of the sun for five minutes' occupation!

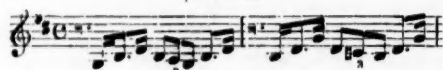
The performance was of a high order. There was a full orchestra and a capital chorus, the latter consisting of amateurs from the German Turn Verein at King's Cross. Madame Leideritz, who took the part of Donna Isabella, has a fine presence and a powerful voice. She has sung in opera in Germany, and was well suited for the declamatory music of her part. Mademoiselle de Lido, who distinguished herself as Michæa in the recent performances of "Carmen" at Covent Garden, sang effectively as Beatrice. Her high notes are very clear, and she manages her voice with great skill. The part of Don Cesar (tenor) was taken by a Mr. Watson, who was under the great disadvantage of being imperfectly acquainted with the language (German) in which he sang. Herr Carl Bernhard was an excellent Don Manuel. Herr Bernhard throws his whole soul into his music, and he gives special attention to the important point of distinct articulation.

A new French opera, "Stenio," has actually been produced out of Paris! Rouen is the town at which this daring attempt at decentralisation has been carried out.

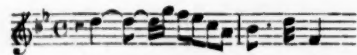
Nordisa.



ACT I.



The working up of this spirited phrase prepares us for the raising of the curtain on a scene of great animation. It is the last day of the annual autumn fair at a picturesque Norwegian village, which nestles at the foot of the Snaeberg. "Now, hasten, neighbours, if you mean to buy." But buyers are few, and, with a vigorous final appeal for custom, the fair breaks up. The peasant girls skip away with their goats, and their merry song mingles with the plaintive strains of a troop of Laplanders who cross the bridge and disappear up the Snaeberg on the way to their distant homes. The village innkeeper is now thrown into a state of excitement by the arrival of the Baroness Nymark and her daughter Minna. Minna is a lively girl who expresses her gaiety in brilliant *fioritura*. She insists on stopping to see the merry-making after the fair, though her peevish mamma objects.

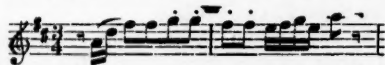


Oh, . . . come a-long.

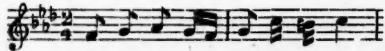
Her cousin, the sentimental tenor, Count Oscar, to whom she is engaged, is not at the post of duty, and meanwhile she amuses herself with the polite baritone, a young lieutenant named Frederick, whom she much prefers to her in-

* Nordisa. Romantic Opera in 3 Acts. By F. Corder (17th Work). London: Forsyth Brothers, 272a, Regent Circus. Price 5s.

tended. The peasants clear away all the apparatus of the fair, and the merry-making commences with the neat measure of the Polska, which, by the way, is a Swedish, not a Norwegian dance.



The fun grows fast and furious. Now comes the Halling.



Hall-ing is a beau-ti-ful dance.

It is a match for a Scotch Reel in reckless jollity. Minna and Frederick can stand it no longer. Their feet are itching to join the Halling, and off they go in spite of indignant remonstrances from mamma. Just as the Halling is over, a graceful phrase, which is often heard again, indicates the approach of the lagging Oscar.

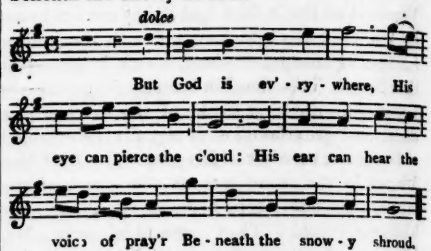


He offers no apology for his absence to his indignant intended, and, when left alone with his friend Frederick, acknowledges that he has been making love to a shepherd maid. This proves to be the orphan, Nordisa, who is about to start on a perilous duty. Every autumn some devoted girl is sent up the Snaeberg to tend the cattle in a lonely *soetar*, where she remains imprisoned by the snow until the spring. This year it is Nordisa on whom the choice has fallen. And now she approaches, followed by a crowd of peasants bearing provisions, furs, and wood.

Willing hearts and hands their aid
Lend the brave adventurous maid
To whose spirit undismayed
Peril is no stranger.

E'en the poorest bring their share
To the guardian angel fair
Who for common weal doth dare
Misery and danger.

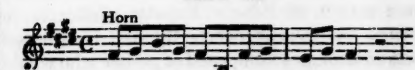
Minna recognises in Nordisa her foster-sister, and entreats her to abandon her purpose. Nordisa starts as she catches sight of Oscar, but she will not flinch from the task she has undertaken. In an effective scena she describes the terrors that await her—the storm and the avalanche—but her heart is sustained by the thought that God is everywhere, and can hear her prayer beneath the snowy shroud.



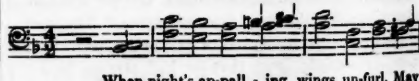
voice of pray'r Be-neath the snow-y shroud.

This simple and beautiful phrase is repeated as all present unite with Nordisa in expressing the same sentiment. And now the pastor has arrived. The solemn procession is formed. Minna renews her entreaties, but they are unavailing. Nordisa bids farewell to the valley sweet, and to the friends she leaves and loves. The procession advances up the mountain, and, as the curtain falls, we hear once more the theme of the Omnipresence and the Omnipotence of God.

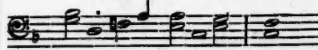
ACT II.



A pastoral *entr'acte* forms a charming prelude to the second act. We are now near the summit of the Snaeberg, at the *soetar* which is to be Nordisa's lonely home. A shepherd boy, sitting on a rock overlooking the valley beneath, sings a dainty little song of a lovers' quarrel. Suddenly he springs to his feet and blows his horn. Distant horns answer the call, and other shepherds gather at the *soetar*. Nordisa is coming to relieve them. The procession emerges on the plateau, the stores are carried into the *soetar*, and the peasants bid Nordisa farewell. But, ere they go, the blessing of Heaven must be invoked.

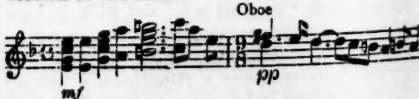


When night's ap-pall-ing wings un-furl, May



Hea-ven hold thee safe!

This prayer of the pastor is repeated in a grand chorale, the last farewell is said, and the procession slowly retreats down the mountain. As it disappears, the theme of the Omnipresence of God mingles with a phrase from Nordisa's farewell to the valley sweet. The effect reminds us of the alternation between the chorus of the priests and the *motivo* of Esmeralda in the procession to the stake.



Nordisa retires into the hut. What next? We have not long to wait. Oscar is seen climbing up the mountain.

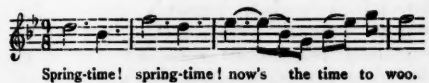
Is this the spot where they have prison'd her?
I think not of the dangers I incur,
Unreasoning love my reckless course doth spur.

Nordisa finds that her cattle-call is answered, and not by an echo. She recognises Oscar as the noble stranger. "Nay, call me thy friend, thy brother," and so they continue through a smoothly flowing duet, which culminates in Oscar's avowal of his passion.



This glowing melody is taken up by Nordisa, and again repeated by both in a magnificent outburst in unison. Suddenly Oscar's ardour is checked by the thought that he is not his own, but pledged to Minna; "Nordisa, let me hence for pity's sake, Forget the words of madness that I spake." It is too late. "The avalanche!" cries Nordisa, as she drags Oscar by main force inside the hut, and in a moment the plateau is overwhelmed in snow. The hut alone stands safe under the shelter of the cliffs, and, as the curtain falls, the moon, shining through the storm-rent clouds, shows Nordisa kneeling by Oscar's side in silent prayer, while yet again the instruments give forth the theme in which she has proclaimed that God's ear can hear the voice of prayer beneath the snowy shroud.

ACT III.



The third act opens in the villa of the Baroness Nymark, near Christiania, with a chorus of the tenantry in honour of Minna's wedding-day. Oscar has come down from the Snaeberg, where he has been imprisoned with Nordisa in the snow through the long winter, and is going to marry Minna, as if nothing had ever happened. The guests arrive, the bridal parties enter, and, after another chorus, a troop of school children offer flowers to Minna and execute a graceful dance. Minna advances to the table and signs the contract, and Oscar is about to follow, when we hear the love-motive of the second act played slowly and with a change of progression, which gives it a touch of infinite sadness. It is Nordisa! She has come to seek her foster-sister's protection. Those months in the snow have proved fatal to her reputation with the censorious villagers. The wedding guests express their sympathy, but this is no time for a tale of sorrow. The 'cellos and basses give out pianissimo the *motivo* connected with Oscar, as Nordisa, learning that Minna is a bride, looks round for the bridegroom. Recognizing Oscar, she stands petrified for a few moments, then sinks down and bursts into a wild fit of sobbing.

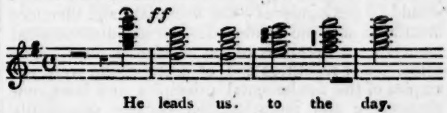


But she will not mar Minna's happiness, and, after kissing Minna's hand, she turns slowly to depart. It is not to end thus. Minna suspects Oscar, and when he acknowledges that he has done this wrong, she spurns him with contempt. How is the situation to be cleared up? A *deus ex machina* arrives in the person of Nordisa's supposed father, Andreas Brand. He has been in exile in Siberia for fifteen years, and he now turns up with the astounding discovery that Minna, not Nordisa, is his daughter, and that Nordisa, not Minna, is the daughter of the Baroness. Everyone is too delighted to inquire very carefully on what evidence this interesting

discovery is based. Nordisa pairs off with Oscar, Minna with Frederick.



In a joyous measure the wedding guests hail the count and his bride. This passes into the chorale we have heard so often before, and the Opera is brought to a dignified conclusion with a recognition of the Divine Power.



He leads us to the day.

The main situation in "Nordisa" is strikingly dramatic. It is taken from a French play entitled "The Shepherdess of the Alps" (La Bergère des Alpes), but Mr. Corder, who is his own librettist, has taken the *denouement* from another play, "Pauvrete," by Dion Boucicault. It seems a pity that Mr. Corder did not content himself with the simplicity of the original. In "The Shepherdess of the Alps" the interest of the *denouement* turns upon the offer of money by Oscar to Nordisa's father. This the old soldier indignantly refuses to accept as the price of his daughter's honour. Oscar's better nature is aroused, and he resolves to go to some distant land, and there marry the peasant girl whom he has so cruelly wronged. This situation may have been too thin for the finale of an opera. But surely some more satisfactory solution might have been found than the clumsy device of making Nordisa the lady and Minna the peasant. And this is not the only weak point in the action. The characters throughout are not drawn with a firm touch. Oscar is so weak as to be simply contemptible, Frederick is colourless. Minor incidents are introduced which simply serve to distract attention from the main action at the most critical points. Thus, when Nordisa is starting for the Snaeberg, her supposed father rushes up accompanied by a pseudo-comic innkeeper only to fall in a swoon. He recovers during the second act, and arrives at the *soetlar* along with the same pseudo-comic innkeeper just in time to see the avalanche fall. On the whole Mr. Corder has not been successful in his departure from established precedent in the matter of libretto. Such lines as "unquell'd by darkness' raven wing," and "by summer's sun 'twas nearly dispossess'd," are, to say the least, unmusical.

Mr. Corder has a Wagnerian reputation, but in "Nordisa" he bids defiance to each and all of Wagner's laws. "Nordisa" is constructed after the model of the French *opéra comique* and the German *singspiel*—that is, it mainly consists of isolated numbers separated by spoken dialogue and melodrama. The music is accordingly cast in definite melodic forms. Now Mr. Corder has the gift of melody in a high degree, but he is above all a dramatic writer. He must have a dramatic situation in order to do full justice to his gift of melody. Thus the third act, which is dramatically uninteresting, is musically weak. Accordingly, the form of the *singspiel* seems to be too cramped for his genius. Sometimes, as in the grand love-duet, he partially discards it, and when he adheres to it most closely, the result is to our mind the least satisfactory. The opera is full of detached songs, which have no bearing on the action, and might as well be sung in the drawing-room. Thus, in the first act, the stage is left to that uninteresting abstrac-

tion, Andreas Brand, for a wearisome ballad on the scent of the pine. In the third act the action is stayed while Minna sings a series of well-worn flourishes, in which she compares the world to a looking-glass. It would seem that Mr. Corder wrote in this style against his better judgment, and we half suspect that we can trace the influence of Mr. Carl Rosa, the man of business, who knows that there are different tastes to be conciliated. Tastes are certainly different enough. One of the ballads in question, that of Frederick in the third act, is described by one leading London paper as "unworthy of a schoolboy," while it is referred to by another as "one of the gems of the work." Admitting, however, that the drawing-room style of composition may be popular among certain opera-goers, we do not think that Mr. Corder excels in this style. But when he gives full play to his essentially dramatic instincts, Mr. Corder writes with powerful effect. His melodies are striking, and appropriate to the action, and he manages large masses of sound with great skill.

Not a little of the dramatic effect of "Nordisa" is due to the ingenious use of the *leitmotif*. Mr. Corder has written an interesting series of articles on the *leitmotif*, and it was to be expected that he should avail himself freely of this great aid to dramatic expression. We have fully described the use of the sacred theme which runs through the whole work. We have also referred to the *motivo* associated with Oscar, which will be found on pages 60, 72, 92, 150 and 216 of the score. Minna, the Baroness, and even Andreas Brand have all *motivi* of their own (*vide* pages 31, 61, 70 and 76, 30 and 76, and 77 and 239). The gravely sweet phrase which is given out by the 'cello (p. 216) as Nordisa sinks to the ground on recognising Oscar in the villa of Nymark, is an indication of her loneliness. It had already been played (p. 139) just after the procession had disappeared down the slopes of the Snaeberg. The theme of the love-duet (p. 160) is first heard in a plaintive form (pp. 94 and 96) in the scena before Nordisa's departure for the Snaeberg. It is repeated pianissimo (p. 174) after the fall of the avalanche; and it is again repeated in the third act (pp. 186 and 210) to indicate Minna's suspicion of Oscar, and, as we saw, to mark the arrival of Nordisa.

The instrumentation is varied and effective, a prominent use being made of solo instruments. Like Mr. Goring Thomas, Mr. Corder is very fond of running accompaniments. Perhaps the most striking effect is where the strings accompany the prominent sacred theme *tremolando*, while the harp sweeps along in noble arpeggios.

Such is "Nordisa." It is English even to its description as Mr. Corder's "17th work." It is the work of a man of genius, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Carl Rosa on the addition of such a recruit to the group of young English composers to whom we look for a national school of opera. We have freely pointed out what appears to us to be defective in Mr. Corder's work. However, we anticipate a lasting popularity for "Nordisa"; and if, in writing his next opera, Mr. Corder gives up the attempt to be his own librettist, and discards the form of the *singspiel*, we feel confident that his success will be still more firmly assured.



M. Saint-Saëns on Wagner and Wagnerians.

—:o:—

REFERRING to the critics who have pronounced his recent opera "Proserpine" an unsatisfactory compromise between the old and the new schools, M. Saint-Saëns has addressed the following letter to M. Laforêt, editor of the *Carillon Théâtral*, who has been collecting an anthology of opinions on the subject:—

Dear Laforêt,—You ask me to ring a bell in your *Carillon*. I accept the invitation, in order that I may have an opportunity of thanking the press for the welcome it has given my new work. The bells are not all in the same key. No matter. The critics are unanimous in allowing me a considerable amount of talent; and that is more than enough to earn my gratitude. What more could I have wished? Could I have wished them to recognise in "Proserpine" every excellence, to declare it with one accord melodious, learned, easy to grasp, effective, dramatic, affecting, and amusing? That would have frightened me. I should have thought of the proverb, "Clever children don't live long."

Will "Proserpine" live long? I cannot say. But at all events it will not have passed unnoticed, and that is all I ask.

I am rather surprised at one chord in this concert of criticism; all the more so because I have heard it every time I have produced a new work on the stage. Whenever I deviate from the symphonic and declamatory form, whenever I write melody pure and simple, I am accused of pandering to the popular taste, of being false to my most cherished theories and principles.

Now these theories and principles are not known to my critics, as I have never declared them. They supply me with a set of their own, which is not quite the same thing.

My theory of dramatic art is this: I believe that the drama is progressing towards a synthesis of different elements, song, declamation, and symphony blending in an equilibrium which leaves the composer free to avail himself of all the resources of art, while it affords the spectator the gratification of every legitimate desire. It is this equilibrium which I seek, and which others will one day find. Both heart and head impel me to pursue this aim, and to this I must adhere. It is for this reason that I am disowned now by those Wagnerians who despise the melodic style and the art of singing, now by those reactionaries who lay the entire stress on these elements, and consider declamation and symphony mere accessories.

The Wagnerians have one elementary canon of criticism: with them, all dramatic music is divided into two categories: music which is quite distinct from the works of Wagner, and is accordingly unworthy of attention; and music which resembles the works of Wagner, and is accordingly a mere imitation. If you only divide your acts into *scènes* instead of into isolated *morceaux*, you are told that you are copying Wagner. But even the old French operas were divided into *scènes*; there is, in fact, nothing new under the sun!

Haydn created the Symphony, with its four movements and its instrumentation. When Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn adopted the same musical form and the same instrumentation, were they accused of being imitators of Haydn? When Mozart wrote operas in the style of the Italians, was he accused of plagiarising from Cimarosa?

Wagner had invention and daring, and he has exercised a great influence; but his work cannot be the ultimate goal, the *ne plus ultra* of the lyric drama, for the simple reason that art never stops.

The reactionaries, on the other hand, would like to be left in peace and not have their old habits disturbed. But how is it that they do not see that this is impossible? All composers are seeking new methods; their own *palladium* Verdi, full of years and honour, with no interest to change his style, has changed it all the same, and is by no means the least daring. The lyric is being impelled by an irresistible force—whither? In the direction of the synthesis, the equilibrium which will be the last word of Dramatic Art, if Art can have a last word.

Yours very sincerely,

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

DR. HUEFFER ON WAGNER AND WAGNERIANS.

Dr. Hueffer recently gave, at the residence of Mrs. Morell Mackenzie, a lecture on "Richard

Wagner, his life and his life-work," which is reported as follows by the *Times*:—

Dr. Hueffer in the course of his lecture said that Wagner and Berlioz and Liszt, much as they differed in their modes of intellectual expression, had this in common, that they wished to embody in their music, and make that music subservient to, sense—that was to say, to a distinct and preconceived poetic idea. From this desire their innovations and their much abused iconoclasm of the classical forms might be derived. It was indeed obvious that with that poetic idea the strict rules of the sonata, or the symphony, or the operatic finale, were altogether incompatible. In speaking of form in music, two things should be distinguished—the essential, and therefore invariable, and the accidental. The so-called classical models were instances of the accidental form. The principles of repetition and of counterpoint were examples of the fundamental principles and laws, unchangeable and indestructible, because organically connected with the nature of the art. If Wagner had tried to upset these primary and essential laws of the art, he (the lecturer) would be the first to call him an inspired maniac, a Titan capable perhaps of knocking down Olympus itself, but without the power of building it up again. But he did nothing of the kind. To speak of polyphony or counterpoint only, there was no master, not even Bach himself, who turned those devices to subtler and, where occasion required it, to grander account. The poetic or dramatic idea was supreme in his work. His tone-melody emanated with organic necessity from the word-melody of his verse—the two could not be separated. It was as Shakespeare had said, "If music and sweet poetry agree, As they must needs, the sister and the brother." After giving a biographical sketch of the great composer, and examining the chief characteristics of his works, the lecturer said,—The bearing of Wagner's reform on the progress of music cannot as yet be finally determined, for the reason among others that at present he has killed music in Germany, at least in the same sense as Handel killed English music when he came to this country, and as Beethoven suspended symphonic music for many years after his death. Wagner is a stumbling-block in the way of young dramatic composers. It is almost impossible to imitate him, and yet if a writer of dramatic music ignores him, he, by that very fact, consigns his own works to the dusty repositories of the past. But this is merely temporary. His great achievements for art will remain. He has raised the very level from which a new genius, if he should appear in the world, can take his rise. Appearances of genius are like angels' visits. It is pleasant to think that the next visit of this heaven-born spirit is as likely to take place in England as in another country. Here at least everything is fresh and hopeful. We have a new school of young and striving composers, many of whom are not unlikely to do excellent and enduring work, if they will learn from Wagner, not by trying to imitate him, but by keeping the ideal aims set forth by him, in word and example, before their eyes.

Itinerant Music

IN A LONDON PRIVATE STREET.

—:o:—

ICAME recently to London after a long absence from my native city. My wife and I took up our temporary abode in a suburban street. As an invalid I have had to stay in my apartments most of my time. In my late home there was only one street sensation, the market day traffic once a week. But here the din of sounds and the bustle of sights forced themselves on my attention.

How well I have learned to understand the agonies of Babbage and Carlyle as the calls of London and the ubiquitous organ grinder and street-singer invaded the quiet of my street, and called my thoughts to the concrete facts of London's seething human life.

Even at night the Babel of sounds was not silenced. Once or twice as I lay awake through the night hours, or struggled with asthma in my armchair, those night sounds had an eloquence of their own. They told me that disease, pain, tragedy, new life were in the world—in the homes to right and left. The slam of a front door, the clang of a gate, the hurried tramp down the street, the sound of wheels, made night vocal.

As the morning broke I heard more deliberate sounds, the sounds of man going forth to labour. The sleep of the world was ending, its work was beginning.

But now come other sounds, "Milk—o—o—oh!"—a lively sound that, a strong tenor, a play on the higher notes. I know him now by his preliminary sounds of wheels and cans, for civilisation is advancing, and the old yoke and pair of cans with hooked-in little cans of my youth's memory have given way to brightly-coloured hand carts, laden with cans for gallons, cans for quarts, cans for pints, and cans for halfpennyworths. He is the 6 a.m. milkman, for clerks and toilers whose City hours are early. I find, on inquiry, that the morning and afternoon milkman of my boyhood is now the milkman of all hours. All through the day at intervals "Milk—o—o—oh!" rings through the air. This 6 a.m. man is followed by the 7.30 a.m. milkman for the more luxuriously placed in busy life. At 11 a.m. comes the "pudding milkman." In the afternoon "Milk—o—o—oh!" reminds one of the singing kettle and the cup of social cheerfulness. After tea in the gloaming comes on "Milk—o—o—oh!" for the last time, the "nursery milkman." Poor old cows! what a time you are having in 1887! Your old twice-a-day days are over, my meditative friends of the meadow, and you too must fall into the busy march of the nineteenth century.

Ah! that's the sound I love, bringing the vast globe's sounds to my breakfast table. "Paper," so trilled that the word should be spelled *paperh*. These boys get lazy, however. Ah, no! Here it comes, full cry. "Standard"—pronounced "Stand-derd"—"Chronicle, Daily News, and"—drawn out—"Daily Telegraph," sung out to a musical rise and fall.

What a mournful cry! "Sweep, Sweep-heep!" We have two sweeps down our way, one with such a voice, a baritone, that Santley might envy for strength and volume, and another with a voice that has seen better days. It is cracked, hopelessly cracked. That mournful "Sweep—Sweep-heep!" of his touches my sympathies, and I could weep with him. At ten Sweep comes again, and here, too, luxury has taken the place of our old tramping friend. Our sweep has a horse and cart. In sable majesty, behind a well-groomed cob, sits the man of chimneys. At stately pace he goes down the street, heralding his way with "Sweep—Sweep-heep!"

The type of darkness has gone, and now comes the rat-tat of Mr. Postman, the liveliest, quickest, gladdest, most victorious sound of the day. He always puts our house in a bustle. "Who is it for?" "What has come?" Well, we get our news quick in our days. Weal or woe, we know it almost as soon as the event. So be it. Every two hours our postmen go down the street, till 9 p.m. shuts us off from the world by post till 7.30 next morning.

Oh, dear! they've begun again! It is next door, two schoolgirls playing, or murdering, a duet for practice before they go to school. They will be at that after tea for an hour. Sometimes there is company, and they have a royal massacre of the harmonies to any extent the company can bear. We have been in these rooms four months, and these girls have played one duet, two Sankey's, and three "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and a galop all the time. You can just identify the thing they mean, and that is all. Our landlady says they have been doing that repertory for the last three years. The other day I heard a tum-tum tum. It was the tuner getting the instrument up to fresh strength for torture. Poor old piano! How I pity you in this hard century. I forget my sufferings as an invalid when I hear that melancholy business through the wall.

Oh, goodness! 'tis a baby next door.

It is coming! I look at my watch. It is too bad. Just 9.30 a.m., and I have just sat down to read. The distant sound is, actually, is an organ-grinder—Sankey and something of Wagner's? No! Yes! He has come nearer—"The Lost Chord." We get on an average four organs every day. They do the street gradually, so that what with the coming sound, the sound at your door, and the going sound, you get the repertory over some half-a-dozen times each organ. While we sat at tea the other day, I counted "The Lost Chord" four times. There are variations. For instance, one grinder carries a monkey, and I like to look at my progenitor. The question arises—Is it well, my advance upon thee, my little ancestral relic? Thy day will soon end; thy troubles are very limited,

and I—oh, well, we will live in hope, and forget our Mallock. Another grinder has a little girl with him. The shrill cries of that girl would shame a menagerie. The way she danced, the way she gesticulated, and the way she howled, were an example—not to follow. I have put up with a good many ladies' singing in drawing-rooms—I really have with Roman fortitude—but this girl beats them. Well, little lassie, I do not wish you any harm, but London is a large place, and I do not live all over it. Wander, dear lassie, wander far, far away. What! and my wife in the room with me. That girl has caught sight of me—is gesticulating, smiling, and seductively—she is pretty—and at me. What, making love, pretty one? Oh, no! I see it is only a penny you want.

That is awful! Did you ever hear such a cry in all London? "Meat!—cat's meat!" And our cat is mewling downstairs as if her heart would break. "Meat! cat's meat!"—"Mew. Mew-ow-ow—." Well, Topsy, there is something worse than you and cat's-meat men, and that is those girls next door. That man, however, made me studious. I have listened to several London cat's meat men of late, and that peculiar squeak is common to them all. I notice that all London calls are professional in tone. "Meat—cat's meat!" He is gone.

"Rags and bones! rags and bones! rags and bones!" That is No. 1 of those men. Oh! this is the man with the van, with a boy. All these men are very well dressed—quite decorous, well-doing men. Their unsavoury work must be a paying one. "Rags and bones! rags and bones!" What a splendid voice each of these men has. They are professional in style, yet differentiated. No. 2 has a cart and a boy. His is really a work-of-art "Rags and bones." Halt a second to rags, and halt a second to bones, with the and thrown in. Bones on a higher key, to Rags. I like to hear that splendid mellow tone and perfect command of voice. It is the greatest volume of sound with the minimum of effort, and musical. There the boy goes—he is learning. He does it in half the time of his father. That boy interests me. I believe he has just left school, and is proud of it. If every peer looked as imposing as that boy, he would look well. That boy is ambitious. He has got what Carlyle called man's highest bliss—a life-work. He is looking forward—I know he is—to outdoing his father's call, and to sounding "Rags and Bones" as that cry was never sounded before from Adam till now. He will die content with this as his consolation—"I called Rags and bones to its highest melody." On his tombstone he will have carved his name first, and next, "He made 'Rags and Bones' a melody in the streets of London."

There is the butcher over the way. Greengrocers come, also fishermen, also the baker's boy. Our boy is a douce laddie, is saving money. He eats, I am told, a loaf and a half every day, and is doing well on it.

One morning we had been somewhat quiet for an hour. That does sometimes happen, but we always pay for it, as the cries come in a rush. I have heard a grinder, greengrocer, butcher, rags and bones, and sweep all going at the same time. But this morning I speak of we had been very quiet for an hour. Then came a melodious song—

Buy my sweet primroses (pronounced primmyroses)
And pretty violets all a-growing.

I got up to look, and there was a man singing this charming couplet, with a basket of primroses and violets on his back. Alas! for the freedom of the streets. I was listening enchanted to the flower melody when Sweep, sweep—heep—my crack-voiced friend—came along.

Our street is a most charitable street. You can suppose I am of it. Whether I give or not is my business. We must be charitable, or so many of the unemployed would not come. I notice several facts about these men. They never come on bad-weather days. They all look well-fed, well-clothed, well-shod, by no means melancholy, and very few of them like working men. They look professional. They all sing, and sing abominably. Some sing in pairs, and some alternately. You do not hear these men before 10.30 a.m., and never after 3 to 4 p.m. It is very seldom, with one day excepted—Sunday—a woman or a girl is with these men. Some of them have very good voices, injured

by open-air exercise, and, I notice, never with that peculiar metallic ring which comes into the voices of great speakers, frequent speakers, like Gough and Gladstone. Most of them have no idea of music, and, what is immensely worse, no sense of the meaning of their words. Which is worse? Art without soul, so often heard on the stage and in the concert, and even in the pulpit, or no art, and no idea of meaning, as with these street men. On the whole, I prefer the latter.

Now and then, however, the real sort of thing comes our way. The other day two men—how my heart broke over them!—sang a Sankey with noble rendering, and finished up with "All is Well" as a duet. Ay, sing that, like that, again and again. None of us, rich or poor, can do without that.

In the frosty days last month we had gangs of men—labouring men—singing:

We're poor labouring men,
And we're all frozen out,
And we've got no work to do,

to the same tune as I heard it years ago. The refrain is—

And we've got no work to do—oo—oo—
We're poor labouring men,
And we're all frozen out,
And we've got no work to do.

The tune was one we used to sing when I was at school to a children's hymn:

A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.

The gusto with which we sang that was immense. Over, and over, and over again went that last line—
And all was calm and bright.

It had the virtue about it that you could go on for ever. We never reached the second verse.

Well, throw these men a copper. It may go to the public-house, but it may go to wives and children. I have borne with your repitatory, groaning ditty, now go to the next street. In the name of mercy, distribute your infliction upon others. Do remember, my dear working men, that from morning to night I am condemned to sit here and listen to London sounds. It is dreadful. I am bearing it all, stoically, nobly, heroically. Begone, and trouble me not. Four of those gangs within an hour and a-half, and "still there's more to follow."

That's Muffins! Did you ever hear such a street? Oh, what a tinkle! Still I do not mind Muffins. I like muffins, crumpets better still, and he sells both. Alas! I am not able to do justice to them as I used to do. My grandfather dearly loved little Walter—that's me, you know. Grandfather was a character. I loved him. Grandfather liked muffins and crumpets. What feeds we used to have, grandfather, uncle, aunt, father, and I! I understand now the significance of uncle's advice on those occasions, and grandfather's chuckle. After I had done my best, my very best, uncle would say, "Trot round the room, Walter, a few times, and you'll be ready for some more." So ring on, old Muffins, you are welcome down our street. There was one of your craft went down the street of my boyhood, singing, in musical manner, "Would you like a crumpet?" He asked that question in a most appealing way. We used to gather round him and shout, "Yes, we would." Muffins used to laugh and reply, "You go on, you young shavers."

Collect your mind over all these cries and sounds, for I have brought you down to tea-time, and later still, with some cries. What do you think of it? Do not you feel for me? We are not done yet, however. We have three oyster men down our street. Theirs, too, is a professional cry, and the voices so alike it took me some trouble to identify them. But now I can say as I hear: "That's the seven o'clock oysters." "That's the 8.30 oyster man." "That's No. 3 oyster man." The man we patronise is No. 3. He has a paraffin lamp in his basket, and he looks like an illuminated head coming down the street. "Oysters! fine fresh oysters! Two a penny oysters! Sixpence a dozen oysters!" in fine sonorous tones. I do not object to oysters, and oysters do not object to me. We are so agreeable to one another that that man often stays at our door. I sit and listen to the shells being pitched into the street. I count up the pitchings, anxiously waiting for the gusto of my

supper. But I shall not tell you what *we* pay. For that sixpence a dozen is a snare and a delusion. He has sixpence a dozen oysters; but he has higher-priced oysters. The sixpence a dozen ones go to the baker at the end of the street, who, I hear, often goes in for that kind of refreshment, and others of that class. We—we—we—well, we have our oysters and pay for them. Our man told our landlady that he has no connection with the other men. How sad that separation of brother-man from brother-man! What a world it is! All of us at this estimable employment—cutting one another out!

Well, is it all over now? No, not yet. There is a fine chorister comes down our way, but it is at a certain period. He has done it for years, I hear. The first time I heard him was when I was engrossed in that rather muddy book Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." Suddenly there fell upon my ear a magnificent voice. "Whatever does he say?" I exclaimed. My wife could not tell me. "What does that man say?" I went to the venetians, lifted a lath, and looked out. No, it can't be he, that man would do for a model for Abraham, except the modern dress. A fine old man, dressed in a comfortable great-coat, chimney-pot hat, and a stout stick that sounded on the pavement, walking rapidly, now and then pausing, looking up and down the street. What does he say? At last I caught it. This was it:

Old Moore's Almanac,
Next year's Almanac,
Only a penny.

The voice was a noble one, the chant was perfect music, the air a grand rolling, not melancholy, but solemn one, and the "Only a penny!" such a deliberate and well-done termination, he might have asked a sovereign for the performance, and then it was dirt cheap.

I heard this about him. Selling one to my landlady, he told her he would be round next year, and hoped she would remember him. Fancy that for only a penny! I pondered over my fine old man. How is it, old man, that all these years have brought "Only a penny"? So deeply have I thought over that old man that a story is in my head about him which you will see some day thrilling mankind. I believe it is all true, though I have told you all I know about the man. My story is full of tragic feeling, and the way I am going to harrow mankind over that "Only a penny," is to immortalise my name. Grey hairs, noble presence, a life's long years, and you, old man, marching the dark streets on a wintry night, shouting,

Old Moore's Almanac,
Next year's Almanac,
Only a penny.

And, all being well, your only hope is to be round next year at that sort of thing.

With him I end my story of a day's cries in a London private street.

G. W. TOOLEY.

A Pastoral Love Song.

When early flowers are springing,
And all the birds are singing,
Oh, then I'd fall in love;
For Spring's the gentle season
When impulse rules o'er reason,
That knows it would be treason
Love's passion to reprove.

And I would have a lover,
All gentle, and, moreover,
All innocent and good;
And when the doves are cooing,
Sweet dreams of love pursuing,
With him I'd go a-wooing
All through the leafy wood.

What gay delights! what pleasure!
What rapture without measure!
Our happy hearts should move!
And we from every feature
Of all the face of nature,
And from each living creature,
Should learn the art of love.

WILLIAM BURNSIDE.

The Bell-Founding at Breslau.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.



Once on a time, a craftsman lived
In Breslau's ancient town,
Whose skill in casting bells had gained
Him honour and renown.

Bells he had founded many a one,
Some yellow and some white,
For churches and for minster-towers
To celebrate God's might.

And all his bells rang out a tone
So full, deep, clear, and pure ;
In love and faith his work he wrought
Such richness to secure.

But yet, of all the bells he cast,
The chief one and the crown
Is that they call the "Sinners' Bell,"
In Breslau's ancient town.

High in the tower of Magdalen
The master-piece is hung ;
Hard hearts of men back to their God
Its pealing tones have rung.

How thoughtfully the master's eye
Did the design survey !
How ceaselessly his hands he plied,
Unresting night and day !

And when the whole was ready,
The well-spent time expired,
The mould all bricked and covered,
The metal fully fired,

He summoned the apprentice
To watch the furnace-heat.
"Awhile," said he, "I leave you
Ere I the work complete.

"I need a draught to strengthen
Me ere the bolt I draw,
That I may guide the metal
To run without a flaw.

"But this I strictly charge you—
The bolt you shall not press ;
Your life will be the forfeit
If you in this transgress."

The boy stands by the furnace,
Watching the fiery glow,
Which tosses, rolls, and quivers,
Surging to overflow.

In his ears there is a whisper,
And a longing in his mind,
And a twitching in his fingers
The tempting bolt to find.

At last he takes and holds it ;
Soon he has turned it round !—
Then, wild with fear, and ready
To sink into the ground,

He runs out to the master
To tell his guilty deed,
To clasp his knees, and beg him
His humble prayer to heed.

But, hardly has he uttered
The first low, trembling word,
When, heedless of all justice,
The man, to frenzy stirred,

Plunges his keen-edged dagger
Deep in the boy's young breast,
Then rushes to the furnace
Scarce of himself possest.

Perhaps he still may rescue
His work, may stop the flow ;—
But see, the cast completed,
Each drop has filtered through.

Quick from the mould he takes it,
He sees, yet will not see :
Free from all fault and blemish,
The bell cast perfectly.

The boy lies dead upon the ground,
His work he sees no more.
Ah ! master, by thy angry hand
Thy blow was driven full sore

Before the court the master goes,
His crime himself reveals ;
And for the famous craftsman
Each judge deep pity feels.

Yet none can save : the law requires
Blood must by blood be paid.
He hears the sentence of his death
With courage undismayed.

And when at length the day was come
To do the law's behest,
They offered him, as custom was,
The solemn farewell feast.

"I thank you," said the master,
"Kind gentlemen and good ;
Yet one request, I pray you,
Be graciously bestowed.

"Once only let me hear, I pray,
The sound of my new bell,
I long to know if what I wrought
The last was fashioned well."

The boon he asked was granted him,
'Twere churlish to deny,
And so the bell gave forth its sound
As he went forth to die.

The master heard its tone ring out
So full, deep, clear, and pure,
His eyes were for a moment closed
Such rapture to secure.

And then his eyes were bright again
With a radiance flashing round ;
He hears more in that sounding bell
Than its melodious sound.

So to the axe he bows his neck
In confidence and trust ;
The music that Death revealed to him
Should never again be lost.

Of all the bells the master made,
The chief one and the crown
Hangs in the tower of Magdalen,
In Breslau's ancient town.

An Innocent Passion.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"Creatures of Habit," etc., etc.

SYDNEY SMITH used to say, "If I were to live my life over again I should devote myself to music; it is the only cheap, innocent, and unpunished passion." He was also specially struck by the delight which amateurs took in their own music, even when it gave no pleasure, but rather the reverse, to other people.

If he had lived in the present day he would probably have been even more struck by this fact, since, within the last few years, the noble army of amateurs have, in great measure, forsaken that easiest of all instruments, the piano, and adopted in its stead the most difficult of all—namely, the violin.

To my mind it is quite a touching sight to see a grown-up amateur, whose ear is uncultivated, and whose fingers are stiff, practising for hours daily on a cheap violin, on which he can never hope to rival the blind beggar who fiddles in the streets. The same amount of industry devoted to the piano, on the other hand, might in time raise him to the level of a mechanical street-piano.

As a warning to a would-be violinists of this type, I will here relate the short but pitiful history of a young friend of mine, who, not long ago, invested in a Stradivarius violin, dated Cremona, 1690, a genuine Tourte bow, and a Violin Tutor, the lot for fifteen shillings, and determined to become a second Paganini.

The first morning he was banished to an out-house for his practice, whence blood-curdling sounds were heard to issue for the space of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then all was silence.

On inquiry it was found that one of the strings had snapped into the embryo Paganini's eye, which had sickened him of his Strad for the time being.

A few minutes after the practice had come to this untimely end, a servant brought a message from a neighbouring lady to the effect that his mistress would be obliged if Mrs. Jones (my friend's mother) could spare her a leg. As Mrs. Jones had not more than her proper share of legs, the servant was sent back to ask the meaning of this mysterious message.

On his return he explained that his mistress had heard a pig being killed on the premises, and would be glad if Mrs. Jones could spare her a leg.

I don't think my unfortunate young friend ever touched his Cremona violin or his Tourtebow again, though he was constantly asked when he intended to kill another pig.

Perhaps it may amuse amateurs of the present day to hear a little about their prototypes of forty or fifty years ago. It must be remembered that amateurs were very different then from what they are now.

In those days, girls only learnt the piano or the harp, and would have been horrified at the idea of a lady playing the violin. It required great strength of mind for a man to learn any instrument, since to be musical was considered tantamount to being effeminate.

We, who consider ourselves as among the most advanced in our musical ideas, looked upon Mendelssohn as a daring and even dangerous innovator. We little thought we should ever live to hear him spoken of as a pleasing but superficial composer. Perhaps the

amateurs of the present day may live to hear Wagner called frivolous and "tuney." I believe that in these days many young people consider Handel out of date and tiresome, but fifty years ago he was our favourite composer, and there was nothing we enjoyed so much as a good long oratorio.

Those of us, that is to say, who did not think such things immoral. An acquaintance of mine who belonged to a very strict Evangelical family, was looked upon quite as a lost sheep because he had been to an oratorio. His relations groaned over him, and said they were afraid "dear Robert was not serious—he had been to a performance of 'Judas Maccabeus,'" much as the Low-Church relations of a young man, nowadays, might groan over the fact of his being an habitué of music-halls.

We, however, who were not too "serious," were devoted to the Italian opera, which, in those days, was performed by genuine Italians, and not, as now, by a nondescript troupe of Americans and Germans; anything, in fact, except Italians. I think that we had a great advantage over our descendants in the many opportunities we enjoyed of hearing the great Italian singers, who had not yet forgotten the traditions of the school of Porpora, instead of the tremolo warblers of the present day, whose voices have been torn to pieces in the vain attempt to sing against our overpowering modern orchestras.

In those days, too, at such concerts as we had, we were sure of hearing celebrated Italian scenas and arias sung by the best singers of the day, instead of pretty little trifles about children dying on doorsteps, or in attics, with an occasional variety in the shape of a ballad on the subject of granny, or daddy, or auntie, none of these masterpieces being considered complete without a waltz refrain.

Perhaps I shall be accused of exaggeration if I say that we amateurs of fifty years ago were just about fifty times as modest as our descendants of the present day. Yet such, I think, was the case. In our wildest dreams we should never have thought of performing at concerts or penny readings, if the latter form of entertainment had been invented. We should have been much more likely to pay our audience to listen to us.

It must be owned, however, that we had infinitely fewer advantages, and, consequently, were not such skilful performers as the average amateur of the present generation.

I remember one evening—in "the thirties" I think it must have been—being present at a tea party, when two old maiden sisters from the North Countree sat down to play a duet. They were nearing the end, when one of them suddenly stopped short, threw up her hands, and turning to her sister in consternation and dismay, exclaimed: "Eh, Emily; but it's flats!" She had been serenely playing in sharps while her sister as serenely played in flats, and what it was that at last made her suspect that something was wrong will for ever remain a mystery.

Even in the "eighties," however, one sometimes meets with curious musical experiences. Not long ago I accompanied a young lady on her first visit to the opera.

She considered herself extremely musical, for she both played the piano and sang, but her first remark on hearing the basso profondo give forth some unusually sepulchral notes, was, "I suppose that is what is called a thorough bass!"

Perhaps one of the funniest musical jokes of the present day is the amateur instrumental quartett.

Four distinguished amateurs, with faces ex-

pressive of the utmost importance and solemnity, meet to practise one of Haydn's quartetts.

Their first difficulty is the tuning. They often succeed in getting their instruments very nearly in tune together, but never quite, and, in this instance, a miss is as good as a mile.

The next of their troubles is the time. They all of them have different, and none of them very clear ideas about time, consequently they never by any chance arrive at the end of a movement together.

The first violin has generally been chosen for that onerous post, in consequence of the dare devil audacity with which he "rushes" his difficult passages, consisting, perhaps, of bars crammed with demi-semi-quavers, to be played presto. He is also distinguished for the pluck with which he makes shots at the high notes, never being the least embarrassed as long as he gets within an inch or so of the right spot. The second violin has probably been chosen because he plays too badly to be offered the post of first violin in even the weakest amateur quartett. The player of the viola has generally taken up that instrument because he tried to learn the violin and could not. He is very much bothered by the tenor clef, and is utterly lost when he gets among accidentals. Being, however, of disingenuous turn of mind, he plays the last bar of a movement forty or fifty times in succession, so as to be able to come in right at the end.

The 'cello's chief fault is that he is too retiring, and seldom plays loud enough to be heard. He is also inclined to play allegro movements andante, and andante movements adagio.

When the practice breaks up there is apt to be a feeling of coolness among all four distinguished performers, while the listeners (if any) feel disposed to exclaim, with Jessica, "am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Gipsy Music.

ON our journey we approached the ruined stronghold of the ancient Hungarian kings. It may be termed an eagle's nest, dominating over the surrounding picturesque country. Along the banks of the Danube towered gigantic mountains; the waters grew wild and rapid, and, as night was coming on, dark, ominous clouds hung in heavy frowns around the mountain tops. The heavens were going to speak the language that cowards dread but brave men listen to with delight, glorying to hear the elements with ponderous voice proclaim creation's might. A broad gigantic stream of light, from where the sun lingered, as if reflected from burnished copper, threw forth in bold relief the black masses of the huge cliff overhanging the Danube, where the mouldering ruins of the castle—black with age and sorrow—lifted its mural crown in bold defiance of the lowering thunder-clouds.

Here once stood proudly the glorious castle of Visegrad, protecting from its imperial height the vine slopes and fertile valley of Gros-Maros; and here dwelt the old Hungarian kings in the times of the Crusades, and quaffed their glorious wine from golden goblets of exquisite workmanship. Here Mathias Corvinus, with mighty hand, transformed the sterile mountains to delicious and fragrant gardens, with intervening shady parks, and to this castle he summoned Italian artists to adorn its walls and make it replete with treasures of art.

We rested at the foot of the cliff, where the crumbling walls of the old fortress stretch down to the waters of the Danube, and where the prison-tower contemplates its decay, which time and war have brought about, still hesitating to throw itself into the mighty stream to seek oblivion. The ruthless hands of Ottoman iconoclasts have despoiled the castle of its art treasures and razed its walls; and Leopold, the

Emperor, has completed the destruction by demolishing the fortress. But the cliff remains eternal, and the historic muse of Hungary sits drooping beneath its ramparts.

Strange, harmonious sounds arise from the valley—'tis a chant, borne on the air, bewailing the fate of the mountain-queen, fair Wissegrad. But there are no tears, no sobs, intermingled with it, and yet it is a lament. 'Tis the Zingari, or gipsies, on their track, the remnant of a nation cowering by the side of the ruins. Listen to their wail; it will thrill your very heart, transport you, as nowhere else in the world the power of music will move you. Behold their tawny faces; with wild cunning eyes they seem to search your very soul—only music or gold will cast a spell over them, and finally subdue them. Throw a golden coin to them, and you shall hear what you have never heard before, and never will forget!

The swarthy descendant of Janko will tread before you, he whom neither father nor mother have cared for, the outcast orphan of the world, the dread of the wealthy, brigand and musician by birth. He places the violin under his chin, and all the weird faces fix their eagle-eyes intently on him, watching the least motion of his hand and expression of his eyes.

And he commences playing a strange, vibrating, plaintive melody, that will call to your mind the beautiful strains that used to lull you to sleep in your cradle—like floating voices in the air, melting away, then gradually increasing till it becomes a wild, impulsive, extempore symphony, keeping within but a few notes, but these will pull the very strings of your heart; and all the other bows glide in inspiration over their instruments, following their leader, however wildly and abruptly his phantasy may lead him away; they feel, and almost anticipate, what he is yearning to express, and the bass harmonizes in deep, full tones. They are accompanying a melody that has never been played before, and never will be heard again, and yet they perform it with precision, as if they had already done it a thousand times, a false note never jarring the harmony. The shadows of night are lowering still, and the weird music of the Zingari swells in wild fancy; it is a dream of the past heroic times, expressing itself in music; it speaks of olden days, when the tribe was the chief in the East—when they were free and mighty; it will tell you that royal blood flows in their descendants' veins, though now an itinerant musician, but that he will only require to rove towards the sunny East, and there pronounce a mystic word of power, and his ragged mantle will be exchanged for an ermine purple, and a golden circlet twine in his raven locks. But he prefers the life of unbounded freedom and intercourse with nature in the deep woods of Theiss; he prefers to reign supreme in the realm of intuitive music, and remain a rover amongst mankind. And softer, almost dissolving, becomes the melody; and he expresses, that swarthy son of Janko, how, when he was young, he beheld the beautiful lady of the castle; how her image enthralled his heart; how he then yearned to deck himself with the purple ermine of ancestral inheritance, and to lead her towards the mystic East; how he extemporised on his instrument below the window of her bridal chamber that night, when she, faithless, celebrated her nuptials with the returned hero of the Crusades. He vividly calls to recollection how the window softly opened; how he played in wild ecstasy on the responsive instrument; how the dream of his love, the coveted bride, gently stole from the embrace of her slumbering bridegroom, and wandered through the misty night, led away by the weird music of the impassioned gipsy lover; farther and farther the entrancing music enticed her away, until the fatal strains struck to her heart the truth that she was following no earthly being but a restless phantom—that it was the dead gipsy lover that lured her into his grave—for was he not dead?—dead, when his love was unrequited, and the love that had inspired him, the gipsy troubadour, betrayed by her.

Wild and fiercer swelled the music, but the band still accompanied with precision, their dark curly heads swaying restlessly to and fro, and their eyes sparkling with frenzied fire—madness almost threatened to possess them all, when the leader threw away his violin with a harsh abrupt dissonance—as if his heart had broken—and all was over.

Music in Auckland.

THE cultivation of musical taste is a striking feature in the educational impulse of the city, and if the statistics of piano-selling (in one department alone) are to be trusted, the desire for music must be almost universal. The great centre around which the most important musical interests congregate is the Choral Society, an institution of many years' standing, and one which is, on the whole, a credit to its promoters, being the medium through which all that it is possible to hear of the highest work is attempted, and as such it will be necessary to give some further details.

The full strength of the society at present numbers some 265 performers, chorus 220, and orchestra 45, who meet at a weekly practice throughout the year (with the exception of about a month, which includes the Christmas and New Year vacations) to rehearse the works chosen by a committee. Their principal efforts have been in the direction of oratorios and cantatas, as would be supposed. Among a long list of composers whose works have been performed within the last few years, the following names and compositions will give some idea of the standard aimed at:—*Handel*—"Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabeus"; *Mozart*—"Requiem"; *Haydn*—"Creation"; *Beethoven*—"Mount of Olives"; *Mendelssohn*—"St. Paul," "Athalie," "Lobengesang," and "Walpurgis Night"; *Spohr*—"Last Judgment"; *Schumann*—"Paradise and the Peri"; *Costa*—"Eli"; *Gade*—"Psyche," "Erl King's Daughter," "The Crusaders"; *Rossini*—"Stabat Mater," "Moses in Egypt," and many works by composers of lesser fame. *Handel's* "Messiah" forms an especial item, being performed at the end of every season, and being given free for the benefit of the public at Christmas-tide.

It will be as well to say at once that the powers of a society composed, with two or three exceptions, entirely of amateurs, are overtaxed with such eclectic programmes as have been indicated, though there are many points strongly favourable to them. In the first place, the deleterious effects of climate upon the voice is a great drawback, while the want of sufficient training and musical knowledge is another, scarcely to be wondered at when the almost infinitesimal amount of time the majority of the members are able to give to study on account of the many all-important claims upon their leisure are considered. The chief weakness is felt in the solo singing, which is lamentably inadequate, although an occasional praiseworthy effort can be recorded. These and many other blemishes are not sufficiently prominent to spoil the effect of performances of such works as Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," which is within the capabilities of the society to render a genuine success possible; for the rest, the public is in that position which renders it necessary to take whatever is offered, and be thankful, so that finished renderings of the masterpieces of choral art are out of the question. Auckland is considered particularly fortunate in possessing a society capable of attempting the higher flights of the musical muse, a flattering unction which it shares with no town in the Australian colonies. Until within the last few months the Orchestral Society has been an important factor in musical development here, but unfortunately it appears to be a thing of the past, from a variety of causes, amongst them internal dissensions and also a falling-off of public support, to be accounted for by the hardness of the times. Its collapse is to be deplored, as it had attained a fair degree of efficiency and had given performances of portions of *Beethoven's* Symphonies, as well as those of *Mozart* and *Haydn*, all things considered, very creditably, while the overtures of *Beethoven*, *Mendelssohn*, *Weber*, *Gade*, *Reissiger*, and others of a lighter character were frequently performed with commendable enthusiasm. The concerts of this society also served as a focus to bring before the public eye any vocal or instrumental talent to be found, in this way giving confidence and courage to youthful performers. There is every probability that this society will rehabilitate itself upon

some new basis and resume its career of usefulness after the lapse of a short time. Besides these two before-mentioned societies there are others, the Ponsonby Choral and Philharmonic, which aid in fostering musical art, but whose efforts so far have not succeeded in entitling themselves to any particularly prominent position, chiefly because of the evanescence of their constitutions, which appear to be continually languishing and reviving under fresh auspices.

Vocal music has an unquestionably pre-eminent hold upon popular taste, but as a matter of fact this does not have any elevating effect upon it. As a rule the voices here are chiefly remarkable for their mediocrity as to quantity, quality, and range; but, as has been said elsewhere, this is partly due to the relaxing climate, as individuals possessing fine organs have been known to lose them entirely while staying here, only to recover them on seeking a different air. As may be imagined, the standard of artistic excellence is not surprising, unless it be the depths of ignorance which it exhibits of all things truly artistic. This is a particularly striking feature, when one sees the numbers of advertisements of persons who profess to be teachers, and who make their living by teaching. Some thousands of pounds must be spent annually upon music-teaching of all kinds, and an average improvement might reasonably be expected, but unfortunately this is not the case. Year after year the same mediocrity is exhibited almost everywhere, and both in private and public the same ignorance of the fundamental principles of musical art are exhibited in all their crudest horrors. The explanation is not difficult to find when personal experience teaches what a very limited number of competent teachers there is out of the scores who profess to instruct. These incompetents, asking as they do but low fees, naturally receive a very large share of the public patronage, so that the field is spoilt for men whose abilities and acquirements are of an order which justify them in asking a higher fee, while the best and most promising talent is diverted into the hands of those best qualified to vitiate and ruin it. This applies especially to the voice.

The piano here, as elsewhere, is the great medium of chamber music, and a far higher standard of excellence has been achieved in its manipulation than in any other department, chiefly through the efforts of some three or four piano teachers whose arduous labours of years' standing are meeting with some meed of success. Yet here, as elsewhere, there is a wide field for improvement before anything like complete enlightenment is carried out. The amount of piano playing is enormous, but the failure of its efforts, as a rule, is chiefly the result of bad habits intensified through the ignorance of teachers whose minds appear to be in Egyptian darkness upon the subjects of method and technique; and the efforts of the small and faithful band mentioned have not leavened the universal pianistic mind. However, there are amply sufficient signs to warrant a prediction of a brilliant future for this widespread department of musical culture.

An unusual amount of composition is done, chiefly through the means of competitions, and in one or two cases more than average talent has been developed which would otherwise have remained obscure and unnoticed. These competitions, besides developing ability, give an impetus to studies in harmony and composition, which are too much neglected, and a more general and deeper appreciation of classical masterpieces will in process of time result, besides creating a healthy and stimulating spirit of rivalry among amateurs. Amongst the members of the profession here are a few whose talents may at some period give them a more than local celebrity; but, so far, Auckland has not shown she possesses a composer of conspicuous ability.

The concert-going public is not acutely exacting, and the newspaper critics, who are locally celebrated for a "grand capacity" in being charmed into ecstasies over bread-and-butter work, find themselves completely exhausted when the advent of an artist of August Wilhelm's capabilities calls forth the exercise of their art; but there is a grand panacea of sublimities to fall back upon which possess the subtle advantages of being beyond the comprehension of any living soul, their authors included. Such a state of things is not good, but is balanced by the fact that the public here as elsewhere is its own critic in questions of performance, so that present criticism does not permanently affect artistic progress. Bands as a whole keep a respectable average of mediocrity, while street music is confined to the ubiquitous Italian, the general tunelessness of whose powers are only recognised by the various shades of energy imparted. But we will draw the veil over our musical frailties, lest some evil thought should suggest a picture of a local Salvation Army band, whose pessimistic strains blaspheme every sacred impulse in the musical breast. All things have a brilliant as well as a sombre side, but the music of Auckland bids fair in the full process of time to realise whatever of brilliance it now promises.

EUTERPE.

Foreign Notes.

In consequence of pressure on our space, the continuation of "Chopin's Life" is unavoidably postponed to next month.

Emperor, has completed the destruction by demolishing the fortress. But the cliff remains eternal, and the historic muse of Hungary sits drooping beneath its ramparts.

Strange, harmonious sounds arise from the valley—'tis a chant, borne on the air, bewailing the fate of the mountain-queen, fair Wissegrad. But there are no tears, no sobs, intermingled with it, and yet it is a lament. 'Tis the Zingari, or gipsies, on their track, the remnant of a nation cowering by the side of the ruins. Listen to their wail; it will thrill your very heart, transport you, as nowhere else in the world the power of music will move you. Behold their tawny faces; with wild cunning eyes they seem to search your very soul—only music or gold will cast a spell over them, and finally subdue them. Throw a golden coin to them, and you shall hear what you have never heard before, and never will forget!

The swarthy descendant of Janko will tread before you, he whom neither father nor mother have cared for, the outcast orphan of the world, the dread of the wealthy, brigand and musician by birth. He places the violin 'under his chin, and all the weird faces fix their eagle-eyes intently on him, watching the least motion of his hand and expression of his eyes.

And he commences playing a strange, vibrating, plaintive melody, that will call to your mind the beautiful strains that used to lull you to sleep in your cradle—like floating voices in the air, melting away, then gradually increasing till it becomes a wild, impulsive, extempore symphony, keeping within but a few notes, but these will pull the very strings of your heart; and all the other bows glide in inspiration over their instruments, following their leader, however wildly and abruptly his phantasy may lead him away; they feel, and almost anticipate, what he is yearning to express, and the bass harmonizes in deep, full tones. They are accompanying a melody that has never been played before, and never will be heard again, and yet they perform it with precision, as if they had already done it a thousand times, a false note never jarring the harmony. The shadows of night are lowering still, and the weird music of the Zingari swells in wild fancy; it is a dream of the past heroic times, expressing itself in music; it speaks of olden days, when the tribe was the chief in the East—when they were free and mighty; it will tell you that royal blood flows in their descendants' veins, though now an itinerant musician, but that he will only require to rove towards the sunny East, and there pronounce a mystic word of power, and his ragged mantle will be exchanged for an ermine purple, and a golden circlet twine in his raven locks. But he prefers the life of unbounded freedom and intercourse with nature in the deep woods of Theiss; he prefers to reign supreme in the realm of intuitive music, and remain a rover amongst mankind. And softer, almost dissolving, becomes the melody; and he expresses, that swarthy son of Janko, how, when he was young, he beheld the beautiful lady of the castle; how her image enthralled his heart; how he then yearned to deck himself with the purple ermine of ancestral inheritance, and to lead her towards the mystic East; how he extemporised on his instrument below the window of her bridal chamber that night, when she, faithless, celebrated her nuptials with the returned hero of the Crusades. He vividly calls to recollection how the window softly opened; how he played in wild ecstasy on the responsive instrument; how the dream of his love, the coveted bride, gently stole from the embrace of her slumbering bridegroom, and wandered through the misty night, led away by the weird music of the impassioned gipsy lover; farther and farther the entralling music enticed her away, until the fatal strains struck to her heart the truth that she was following no earthly being but a restless phantom—that it was the dead gipsy lover that lured her into his grave—for was he not dead?—dead, when his love was unrequited, and the love that had inspired him, the gipsy troubadour, betrayed by her. . . .

Wild and fiercer swelled the music, but the band still accompanied with precision, their dark curly heads swaying restlessly to and fro, and their eyes sparkling with frenzied fire—madness almost threatened to possess them all, when the leader threw away his violin with a harsh abrupt dissonance—as if his heart had broken—and all was over.

Music in Auckland.

THE cultivation of musical taste is a striking feature in the educational impulse of the city, and if the statistics of piano-selling (in one department alone) are to be trusted, the desire for music must be almost universal. The great centre around which the most important musical interests congregate is the Choral Society, an institution of many years' standing, and one which is, on the whole, a credit to its promoters, being the medium through which all that it is possible to hear of the highest work is attempted, and as such it will be necessary to give some further details.

The full strength of the society at present numbers some 265 performers, chorus 220, and orchestra 45, who meet at a weekly practice throughout the year (with the exception of about a month, which includes the Christmas and New Year vacations) to rehearse the works chosen by a committee. Their principal efforts have been in the direction of oratorios and cantatas, as would be supposed. Among a long list of composers whose works have been performed within the last few years, the following names and compositions will give some idea of the standard aimed at:—*Handel*—"Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabeus"; *Mozart*—"Requiem"; *Haydn*—"Creation"; *Beethoven*—"Mount of Olives"; *Mendelssohn*—"St. Paul," "Athalie," "Lobengesang," and "Walpurgis Night"; *Spohr*—"Last Judgment"; *Schumann*—"Paradise and the Peri"; *Costa*—"Eli"; *Gade*—"Psyche," "Erl King's Daughter," "The Crusaders"; *Rossini*—"Stabat Mater," "Moses in Egypt," and many works by composers of lesser fame. *Handel's* "Messiah" forms an especial item, being performed at the end of every season, and being given free for the benefit of the public at Christmas-tide.

It will be as well to say at once that the powers of a society composed, with two or three exceptions, entirely of amateurs, are overtaxed with such eclectic programmes as have been indicated, though there are many points strongly favourable to them. In the first place, the deleterious effects of climate upon the voice is a great drawback, while the want of sufficient training and musical knowledge is another, scarcely to be wondered at when the almost infinitesimal amount of time the majority of the members are able to give to study on account of the many all-important claims upon their leisure are considered. The chief weakness is felt in the solo singing, which is lamentably inadequate, although an occasional praiseworthy effort can be recorded. These and many other blemishes are not sufficiently prominent to spoil the effect of performances of such works as Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," which is within the capabilities of the society to render a genuine success possible; for the rest, the public is in that position which renders it necessary to take whatever is offered, and be thankful, so that finished renderings of the masterpieces of choral art are out of the question. Auckland is considered particularly fortunate in possessing a society capable of attempting the higher flights of the musical muse, a flattering unctious which it shares with no town in the Australian colonies. Until within the last few months the Orchestral Society has been an important factor in musical development here, but unfortunately it appears to be a thing of the past, from a variety of causes, amongst them internal dissensions and also a falling-off of public support, to be accounted for by the hardness of the times. Its collapse is to be deplored, as it had attained a fair degree of efficiency and had given performances of portions of *Beethoven's* Symphonies, as well as those of *Mozart* and *Haydn*, all things considered, very creditably, while the overtures of *Beethoven*, *Mendelssohn*, *Weber*, *Gade*, *Reissiger*, and others of a lighter character were frequently performed with commendable enthusiasm. The concerts of this society also served as a focus to bring before the public eye any vocal or instrumental talent to be found, in this way giving confidence and courage to youthful performers. There is every probability that this society will rehabilitate itself upon

some new basis and resume its career of usefulness after the lapse of a short time. Besides these two before-mentioned societies there are others, the Ponsonby Choral and Philharmonic, which aid in fostering musical art, but whose efforts so far have not succeeded in entitling themselves to any particularly prominent position, chiefly because of the evanescence of their constitutions, which appear to be continually languishing and reviving under fresh auspices.

Vocal music has an unquestionably pre-eminent hold upon popular taste, but as a matter of fact this does not have any elevating effect upon it. As a rule the voices here are chiefly remarkable for their mediocrity as to quantity, quality, and range; but, as has been said elsewhere, this is partly due to the relaxing climate, as individuals possessing fine organs have been known to lose them entirely while staying here, only to recover them on seeking a different air. As may be imagined, the standard of artistic excellence is not surprising, unless it be the depths of ignorance which it exhibits of all things truly artistic. This is a particularly striking feature, when one sees the numbers of advertisements of persons who profess to be teachers, and who make their living by teaching. Some thousands of pounds must be spent annually upon music-teaching of all kinds, and an average improvement might reasonably be expected, but unfortunately this is not the case. Year after year the same mediocrity is exhibited almost everywhere, and both in private and public the same ignorance of the fundamental principles of musical art are exhibited in all their crudest horrors. The explanation is not difficult to find when personal experience teaches what a very limited number of competent teachers there is out of the scores who profess to instruct. These incompetents, asking as they do but low fees, naturally receive a very large share of the public patronage, so that the field is spoilt for men whose abilities and acquirements are of an order which justify them in asking a higher fee, while the best and most promising talent is diverted into the hands of those best qualified to vitiate and ruin it. This applies especially to the voice.

The piano here, as elsewhere, is the great medium of chamber music, and a far higher standard of excellence has been achieved in its manipulation than in any other department, chiefly through the efforts of some three or four piano teachers whose arduous labours of years' standing are meeting with some meed of success. Yet here, as elsewhere, there is a wide field for improvement before anything like complete enlightenment is carried out. The amount of piano playing is enormous, but the failure of its efforts, as a rule, is chiefly the result of bad habits intensified through the ignorance of teachers whose minds appear to be in Egyptian darkness upon the subjects of method and technique; and the efforts of the small and faithful band mentioned have not leavened the universal pianistical mud. However, there are amply sufficient signs to warrant a prediction of a brilliant future for this widespread department of musical culture.

An unusual amount of composition is done, chiefly through the means of competitions, and in one or two cases more than average talent has been developed which would otherwise have remained obscure and unnoticed. These competitions, besides developing ability, give an impetus to studies in harmony and composition, which are too much neglected, and a more general and deeper appreciation of classical masterpieces will in process of time result, besides creating a healthy and stimulating spirit of rivalry among amateurs. Amongst the members of the profession here are a few whose talents may at some period give them a more than local celebrity; but, so far, Auckland has not shown she possesses a composer of conspicuous ability.

The concert-going public is not acutely exacting, and the newspaper critics, who are locally celebrated for a "grand capacity" in being charmed into ecstasies over bread-and-butter work, find themselves completely exhausted when the advent of an artist of August Wilhelm's capabilities calls forth the exercise of their art; but there is a grand panacea of sublimities to fall back upon which possess the subtle advantages of being beyond the comprehension of any living soul, their authors included. Such a state of things is not good, but is balanced by the fact that the public here as elsewhere is its own critic in questions of performance, so that present criticism does not permanently affect artistic progress. Bands as a whole keep a respectable average of mediocrity, while street music is confined to the ubiquitous Italian, the general tunelessness of whose powers are only recognised by the various shades of energy imparted. But we will draw the veil over our musical frailties, lest some evil thought should suggest a picture of a local Salvation Army band, whose pessimistic strains blaspheme every sacred impulse in the musical breast. All things have a brilliant as well as a sombre side, but the music of Auckland bids fair in the full process of time to realise whatever of brilliance it now promises.

EUTERPE.

Accidentals.

ACCORDING to the "Musical Courier," Patti has made 250,000 dollars out of her American trip. The gross receipts at her seven last appearances in New York amounted to 115,000 dollars.

THE following is the Plébisite Programme of Mr. Manns' Benefit Concert. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for the pianoforte, Handel's Largo in G for organ, harp, violin and strings, and the overture to "Tannhäuser."

It is interesting to compare with this the result of a Plébisite taken at the Meyer Concerts in Berlin. The Berliners voted for the overture to "Der Freischütz," Schubert's Serenade, Wagner's "Siegfried Idylle," Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, Gade's "Ossian" Overture, Schubert's "Ave Maria," and the March from "Tannhäuser."

Tenor. "This air is rather high for me." Director. "Well, we can transpose it a tone lower." Tenor. "Oh! half a tone will do." Director (impressively). "Sir, we never do anything by halves in this house."

THE Choral Society of Milan has gone to pieces. The reason is the usual one, irregularity of attendance.

THE Parisians spent 25,074,458 francs on theatres last year. In 1885 the sum was 25,590,077.

"God save the Queen" has been translated into Hebrew by Mr. Davis, and it will be sung at every synagogue in the United Kingdom during the Jubilee celebration.

AN apparatus for playing double octaves has been invented by Herr Emil Hofinghoff, of Barmen. It consists of a second keyboard placed above the ordinary keyboard, and tuned an octave higher.

AS American is said to have invented an aid to the human voice which licks the Ammoniaophone into fits, to use the idiom of the inventor's countrymen. It is called "bucking," and it greatly improves the voice generally, but enables an artiste to sing an octave higher than the natural pitch!

MR. THOMAS MOLYNEUX, one of the directors of St. James's Hall, is old enough to remember the Jubilee of George III. In gratitude for so long a preservation of his life, he has offered a sum of money, in order that all the aged pensioners of the Royal Society of Musicians shall this year have a country holiday.

A CAMPAIGN is being carried on in Paris against the speculators in theatre tickets, but hitherto without much success.

THE original manuscript of "The Flying Dutchman" is said to have been found in the library of the late King of Bavaria. It contains the following note in Wagner's handwriting:—"Finished 12th September, 1841, at Meudon, near Paris, in gloom and misery—Per aspera ad astra—God grant it may be so!"

THE tenor Masini has left Milan for Buenos Ayres with a right royal suite. He has a private physician, a secretary, two valets-de-chambre, to say nothing of a courier, who has been sent on in advance to make arrangements for the great man's comfort. He can afford to pay for these luxuries, seeing that he is going to receive £30,000 for the fifty performances which he is to give in the Southern Hemisphere.

AT a recent performance at Angers, Rigoletto embraced his daughter Gilda with great warmth. Suddenly he raised his arms to heaven, and with his arms he raised Gilda's wig, which had caught in a buckle of his sleeve. Gilda happened to be quite bald. Tableau!

AN American paper is the authority for a statement that Verdi has taken to criticising his critics. He has collected all the notices of "Otello" written by native and foreign hands, and whiles his leisure hours away by annotating them. Satisfaction and approval he records marginally with a blue pencil; displeasure and scorn are expressed in crimson characters. To the former category belong such comments as "Aptly observed," "Good suggestion," and the like; to the latter, "Gross error," "Unmusically nonsense," and "The man is an ass." Seemingly the maestro's resentment is more readily aroused by any reference to the wealth of melody enriching his earlier operas than by the most outspoken condemnation of his later works; for whenever he lights upon any such retrospective laudation of his melodic gift, he angrily seizes his red pencil and scrawls the brief anathema, "Duce take all those old barrel-organ tunes!"

VERDI is said to be composing a ballet for "Otello." It will have Eastern as well as Venetian characteristics. It is to be hoped that it may prove as beautiful as the Egyptian ballet in "Aida."

SCHUBERT'S piano is for sale at Vienna.

THE "Tonkünstler-Verein" in Hamburg has hit upon something new. At a recent concert given by this association no fewer than nineteen musical settings of Goethe's "Erl King" were performed. The earliest setting is that of Corona Schroeter, who lived from 1748 to 1802. Among the composers we notice the names of Romberg, Reissiger, and Spohr. Of course, Schubert's well-known song formed the crowning glory of this tribute to the memory of Goethe.

THE well-known cellist, M. Davidoff, has been presented by Count Wielohorsky with a famous cello. It was made by Stadivari in 1712, and Count Wielohorsky gave to Count Apraxin, from whom he acquired it, a splendid cello of his own by Guarneri, the finest horse in his stables, and £1,600 in cash.

LONDON managers used to complain bitterly of the harsh treatment to which they were subjected on Ash Wednesday. What would they think of the practice in Russia, where the theatres are closed the first seven days in Lent? It is true that the theatres at which the performances are given in a foreign language are exempted from this stringent regulation. The upper classes understand French, and it is, of course, quite unnecessary that they should mortify the flesh!

THE Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers in France appears to be in a flourishing condition. Its income for the past financial year amounts to 145,000 francs.

SIGNOR FLORIMO, the venerable archivist of the conservatoire at Naples, has received the Order of the Crown of Italy in recognition of his services to music during no less than three-quarters of a century. Signor Florimo studied music with Bellini, and was a friend of Donizetti, Rossini, Ricci, Pacini, and Mercadante.

ROSSINI's native town of Pesaro sent deputies to Paris to be present at the exhumation of the maestro's remains, and accompany them to Florence. The town has resolved to have a grand celebration of the Centenary of Rossini's birth, which falls on the 29th of February, 1892. There is nothing like being prepared betimes.

THE Florence correspondent of the "Daily News" gives the following graphic account of a concert of old fogies:—"I was present the other evening at a very interesting concert, the last given in honour of Rossini. It might be called the triumph of age, for the chief singers were really old. Tamberlik, who must be near 70, headed the list. Aldighieri, the famous baritone, who is just past middle-age, supported him. Then Signora Marchisio, the celebrated contralto, who is past 60; and last came the violinist Sivori, who is 72. All gave their assistance gratis. The handsome theatre La Pagliano was full of the aristocracy and wealthy residents of Florence, and they not only welcomed the old favourites with warmth, but were really delighted with the triumph of art over waning powers. When Tamberlik first opened his lips in the terzetto from "William Tell," the worn and quavering voice made a painful impression, but very soon the exquisite mastery and art of the execution, and the lingering beauty of many of the notes, excited enthusiasm. In the duet from "Otello," by Tamberlik and Aldighieri, the really little impaired tones of the latter, and the famous C sharp of the former, roused a perfect storm of applause, and the piece was repeated. But the performance which called forth the greatest applause was Sivori's splendid playing of Paganini's arrangement for one string of the Prayer from "Moses in Egypt." The tones drawn from that string by the old master were perfect in sweetness, beauty, feeling, and purity. The faintest long-drawn note was clearly heard at the very extremity of the house, so intense was the silence of the audience, who at the end burst out into cries of admiration. Signora Marchisio sang with splendid art the difficult air of "Arsace" and the cavatina from "Semiramide." In the last she was accompanied by a chorus of about fifty young girls, amateurs, all dressed in white. The concert was a successful close to the musical honours paid to Rossini.

THE following is the speech made by M. Ambrose Thomas at Père-Lachaise at the ceremony of the exhumation of Rossini's remains:—

"Gentlemen, the Academy of Fine Arts has deputed the oldest member of its section of musical composition to come here to pay homage in its name to the memory of the illustrious master, whom our country was proud to number among her citizens. It has long been unnecessary to pronounce a panegyric on Rossini; but it is our duty to do honour to these illustrious remains, which were entrusted twenty years ago to the soil of France, Rossini's second country, and which Italy, his native land, now legitimately reclaims. Now that the countrymen of the master are here to receive this precious trust, let me recall, in the name of my colleagues, the sentiments of profound gratitude which I expressed on this spot on the day of Rossini's funeral. None of us have forgotten Rossini's liberality, as shown in the noble and touching idea to which we owe the prize founded by him for the benefit of French musicians, a prize which has already been several times awarded. If the memory of this generous gift shall endure with us for ever, what we have to proclaim at this moment is the immortal glory of Rossini, which shines upon the whole world. In separating ourselves from him for the second time, in saying our last farewell, we preserve a grateful recollection of Rossini, and we shall ever remain his faithful and fervent admirers."

Foreign Notes.

A GRAND performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was given at Florence on the 4th of May, the day following that on which the remains of the composer were re-interred in the church of Santa Croce.

MR. D'OVLV CARTE brought his season at Kroll's Theatre, in Berlin, to a close on the 8th of May, with a performance of "Patience." Miss Bemister was warmly applauded as Patience, and Mr. Maxwell as Grosvenor. The sextett and the quintett are said to have evoked prolonged cheers.

"THE MIKADO" was then taken to Vienna. It has delighted the Viennese even more than it did last September.

"OTELLO" was performed in Rome by the company from La Scala, which came from Milan in a special train. Every member of the original company took part except Signora Pantaleoni. She was seriously ill, and Signora Gabbi took her place. The critics say that Signora Gabbi has a fine voice, but does not possess Signora Pantaleoni's artistic temperament.

"OTELLO" was given at 25 out of a total of 62 representations during the season at La Scala. There were 13 representations of "Aida," 11 of "Flora Mirabilis," 11 of "Lucia Borgia," and two of "Leila," the interesting opera of Bizet which Mr. Mapleson recently produced in London.

SUMMER operas have as usual been provided for the Parisians at the Château d'Eau. Serious as well as comic operas were performed. "Ernani" was given at the outset, and new work, by Mm. Bruneau, Nordier, Carré, and Eygel are promised. The season-tickets are cheap. An orchestra-stall costs 35 francs for a month, and 100 francs for the season.

ANOTHER American prima donna has come to the front. This is Mdlle. Adiny, who has just been engaged at the Opéra in Paris. She made her debut as Chimène in a Massenet's opera, "Le Cid," and the press describes her as a valuable addition to the staff of the Opéra.

MDLLE. ADINY is quite young. Like so many other young American ladies, she took to the Italian stage. It was quite by accident that M. Gailhard, the director of the Opéra, first heard her when passing through Verona.

THE part of Rodrigue in "Le Cid" was taken by Jean de Reszke, who is said to have greatly distinguished himself. We shall have an opportunity of hearing this splendid tenor in London, along with his brother Edouard, both having been engaged by Mr. Harris for his season at Drury Lane.

WINKELMANN, the great tenor of the Vienna Opera, has been singing at Cologne as Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, and Vasco in "L'Africaine."

THERE has been a successful revival of Mozart's "Il Seraglio" at Cologne, with Madame Peschka-Leutner in the part of Constance.

THE 90th birthday of the Kaiser was celebrated in Cologne by a grand concert given by the combined male choirs of the city, under the baton of the well-known Herr Zöllner. A hymn "To the Kaiser of ninety years," by Herr Zöllner, was performed.

THE Festival of the General Association of Musicians founded by Liszt, will take place this year at Cologne, in the end of June. The concerts will be given in the famous Gürzenich Hall, under the direction of Herr Franz Wüllner. The prospectus includes Liszt's "Saint Elizabeth," Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," and Brahms' "Triumphlied."

THE performance of the Ninth Silesian Festival includes the following works:—1st day—Mozart's "Davide Penitente," Beethoven's "Der Glorreiche Augenblick," and day—Schumann's Overture to "Genoveva," Carl Reinecke's C minor Symphony, and a Psalm by Wold. Bargiel. 3rd day—Liszt's Symphonic Poem "Tasso," and Ernst Flügel's "Song of Mahomed." The bill of fare is substantial, not to say heavy.

ANOTHER version of "Colomba," the attractive subject of Dr. Mackenzie's opera, is promised at Milan. The music is by Signor Pradeglia.

A NEW Conservatoire has been built at Liège. The concert hall can accommodate an audience of 1,700.

M. DMITRI SLAVIANSKY D'AGRENEFF, conductor of the Russian choir whom we lately heard in London, has just celebrated at Moscow the Silver Jubilee of his musical life.

RUBINSTEIN is promoting a scheme for the establishment of a new Opera-house in St. Petersburg, intended chiefly for the production of the works of Russian composers. The Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg is very conservative and fights shy of new men.

VICTOR NESSLER's new opera "Otto der Schütz" has been well received in Strassburg, the native city of the composer.

THE rich dilettante, M. Derwis, heads the subscription-list with the sum of £20,000, and there seems no doubt that the scheme will be successfully floated.

THE Strassburg Male Choir is building a new hall, and the Kaiser has put down his name for £300.

M. PALADILHE, the composer of "Patrie," has married the grand-daughter of the well-known critic, M. Legouve. The wedding party entered the church to the strains of the Bridal March from M. Paladilhe's opera "Diana."

M. CZIBULKA, the composer of the well-known "Stéphanie" gavotte, has brought out an operetta entitled "Pentecost at Florence," at the Walhalla Theatre in Berlin.

CARL REINECKE's opera, "Aufhoben Befehl," lately produced at Hamburg, is going the round of Germany. It has just been performed at Schwerin.

THE Opéra in Paris is now lit with the electric light, and it will be introduced at the other three subventioned theatres (Opéra Comique, Comédie Française, and Odéon) next season.

THE foyer of the Opéra Comique is to be decorated with frescoes. The work is to be finished before the opening of the Great Exhibition on the 1st of May, 1889.

AN oil portrait of Ponchielli, the composer of "La Gioconda," is to be placed in the foyer at La Scala in Milan. It is intended to form the first of a series of portraits of eminent musicians.

THE success of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" at the Apollo Theatre in Rome, has emboldened the firm of Lucca, in Milan, which has acquired the exclusive right of representation in Italy, to produce that work at the Dal Verme Theatre in Milan.

INSPIRED by the success of "The Valkyrie," the Director of the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, proposes to give the remainder of Wagner's Tetralogy "Siegfried" in the season of 1887-1888, and "Ringold" and "Götterdämmerung" in that of 1888-1889.

IT is the custom at the Théâtre de la Monnaie to terminate the season with a performance of the opera which has given greatest satisfaction. This year Léo Delibes' charming opera "Lakmé," which we heard at the Gaîté in the summer of 1885, occupied this proud position. Mlle. Vulliaume, who filled the title rôle, received the usual floral tribute.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH has been charmed with "Lakmé" during her stay in Brussels, and purposes to introduce it next autumn in Vienna.

THE San Carlo Theatre in Naples has closed its doors, the director being bankrupt.

THE German Opera in Rotterdam is in difficulties. The director wants a "stiffener" of £5000. Will any gentleman oblige?

M. SAINT-SAËNS received an ovation in St. Petersburg, which commenced on the arrival of the train. He was accompanied on his visit by three distinguished performers on the flute, clarinet, and oboe, MM. Taffanel, Turban and Gillet, professors of their respective instruments at the Paris Conservatoire.

WAGNER's early opera, "The Fairies," will not be brought out at Munich until next September. The opera will be magnificently mounted, the Regent of Bavaria having granted the sum of £6000 for this purpose. The Munich Opera will retain the exclusive right of representation for two years. The Royal Academy of Music recently gave a few fragments from the work, which is exciting great interest in Munich.

THERE is also some talk of producing at Mannheim an unpublished opera by Flotow, entitled "The Musicians."

ANGELO NEUMANN, the director of the Opera at Prague, has made a discovery. He has unearthed from an old book-shop an unknown opera by Lortzing, the composer of "Czar und Zimmermann." The opera bears the inscription "To Theodor Bradsky, in recognition of his kindness to my dead father, Hans Lortzing," and it appears to have found its way to the old book-shop with the rest of Theodor Bradsky's library.

THE opera has been named "Mozart," the subject being taken from the life of the composer. The characters are Salieri, Albrechtsberger, the tenor Adamberger, Mozart's wife Constance, and his sister-in-law Aloise.

THE Municipality of Bologna offers a prize of £200 for a grand opera. The competition is restricted to Italians under thirty years of age who have studied at a conservatoire, or under some well-known professor. The prize-opera will be performed at the Municipal Theatre next year, doubtless during the great International Exhibition of Music.

VISITORS to Havre during the Exhibition will be able to make good use of their ears as well as their eyes. A special season opera constitutes one of the attractions of the town during the Exhibition. The repertoire consists chiefly of the works of French composers—"Carmen," "Mignon," "Hamlet," "Lakmé," "Manon."

Musical Notes and News.

SIGNOR CRO PINSUTI represented the Royal Academy of Music at the re-interment of Rossini's remains in Florence. He was deputed to place a wreath on the bier.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company lately gave the one-hundredth representation of "Esmeralda."

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD is the composer of the music for Tennyson's rather heavy Jubilee Ode.

THE "Bohemian Girl" has been "re-dressed" at Drury Lane. Mr. Harris used for this purpose the Austrian uniforms provided for that dismal failure, Hervé's "Frivoli."

M. JACOBI has written another ballet, "Nadia," for the Alhambra.

A PERFORMANCE of Mr. Cellier's cantata, "Gray's Elegy," written for the Leeds Musical Festival of 1883, was given in the Prince of Wales's Theatre on the 11th of May. The artists—Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Marion Ellis, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Hayden Coffin—were the performers in Mr. Cellier's popular opera, "Dorothy," which is still being played with great success at that theatre.

THE 200th representation of "Dorothy," on the 28th of April, was conducted by Mr. Cellier. A pretty bracelet, with "Dorothy" designed in diamonds, was presented to Miss Marie Tempest at the close of the performance.

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR has taken the place of Miss Leonora Braham as Rose Maybud in "Ruddigore" at the Savoy Theatre. Miss Ulmar took the part of Yum-Yum in the Continental performances of "The Mikado" last summer.

MR. MAPLESON's successful season of Italian opera at popular prices was brought to a close with a grand benefit on the 7th of May. The programme was, as usual, somewhat mixed. It included the first act of "La Traviata," the mad scene from "Lucia," the first scene of the third act of "Leila," the fourth act of "Il Trovatore," and the fourth act of "L'Africaine." Such an arrangement is, of course, most inartistic, but it enables the greatest possible number of artists to take part.

THE Kensington School of Music is highly favoured. H.R.H. Prince Christian has accepted the office of president, and Princess Christian, Princess Mary Adelaide, and the Duke of Teck have become patrons of the institution.

THE stewards of the Three Choirs Festival, which is to be held this year at Worcester in the first week in September, have now decided on the programme, and announced it at their meeting on Saturday. It commences with an opening service at the Cathedral on Sunday morning, September 4th, when a "grand jubilee service" will be held, which will include in it Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," which in olden times used to be regularly done at the opening service. The full choral body and band will be engaged in the service. Monday will be given up to rehearsals of the chief music of the week. On the Tuesday morning Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be given. On the Wednesday morning Schubert's mass in E flat, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," and Spohr's "Last Judgment," and in the evening Gounod's "Redemption" will be given. On the Thursday morning Cowen's "Ruth" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and on Friday morning Handel's "Messiah." The secular concerts will be given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and will include Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony," and Stanford's "Revenge." The festival will close on Friday evening by a free closing service by the three choirs at the Cathedral.

HERR POHL, the well-known biographer of Haydn, has died in Vienna, where he held the important post of Librarian to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. He contributed to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" the articles on Haydn and Mozart. Two large octavo volumes of his "Life of Haydn" appeared in 1875 and 1882, and the work would ere this have been completed in a third volume but for the illness which has now terminated in death.

MISS LEHMANN and Miss Lena Little are establishing a reputation as refined exponents of song music. Miss Lehmann excels in the delicacy of songs of the modern French school (Massenet, Godard, &c.), while Miss Little devotes herself to the more profound songs of Germany. Both eschew the common drawing-room ballad, but it seems a pity that at their concert at Prince's Hall they could find nothing delicate enough or profound enough by English composers. Both ladies gave vocal illustrations at an interesting lecture on Wagner, by Dr. Hueffer, to which we refer elsewhere.

ON Thursday, April 28th, Miss Grace Woodward gave a grand vocal and instrumental concert, assisted by the following well-known artists:—Madame Clara Samuelli, Miss Annie Matthews, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. W. G. Forington, and Mr. Isidore De Lara. Harp, Miss Adelaide Arnold; violin, Miss Rose Lynton; cornet, Mr. Walter W. Needham. Mr. Isidore De Lara's choir of ladies. Recitations by Mr. Frederick De Lara. The large and fashionable audience showed the popularity of this talented young artiste, who possesses a rich

contralto voice and sings with great purity of style and artistic finish. She was heard to great advantage in "A Summer Night" (A. Goring Thomas), and in response to a vociferous encore sang "Needles and Pins" most delightfully, and in the second part gave "An Old Garden" (Hope Temple) with equal success. Madame Clara Samuelli, who always charms, sang "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Haydn) and "She wore a wreath of roses" (Knight), and Miss Annie Matthews well deserved the applause she so frequently received. Mr. Henry Guy and Mr. W. G. Forington were equally successful. Mr. Isidore De Lara delighted his audience with three of his latest compositions, given with that exquisite taste for which he is so famous; and in a cornet solo, "The Better Land" (Cowen), Mr. Walter W. Needham showed his great ability as a soloist, which was duly appreciated, and in response to continuous applause was obliged to repeat the last verse. Miss Adelaide Arnold and Miss Rose Lynton, in their harp and violin solos respectively, received equal marks of commendation. Mr. Frederick De Lara's recitations were given with great pathos and true dramatic force, and the choir of ladies gave very valuable assistance, and proved their efficiency as a perfectly trained choir. This most successful concert was under the able conductorship of Mr. Firth Lee and Mr. David Davies.

New Pianoforte Studies.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS, R.A.M.
SECOND BOOK. ON TOUCH.

A SILENT TOUCH.

WITHOUT a thorough knowledge of touch in all its varieties, there can be no good phrasing, no correct or appropriate accent, real expression, nor real feeling realised—not even plainly correct, note-perfect playing. The so-called "coldly correct" playing does not exist. People may play coldly, but in that case it cannot be note-perfect nor altogether correct. For with a cold or indifferent touch few long notes become shorter in sound, and short ones not short enough.

There is, therefore, in reality no "coldly correct" playing, but only

Cold, and therefore necessarily incorrect, playing! Even when a pianist is endowed with strong musical feeling, this feeling, if unsupported by sound knowledge (harmony not excluded) and thorough acquaintance with all the varieties of touch and their manner of production, will make him play out of time, exaggerate, and produce a caricature, instead of a faithful picture of the music. False expression is worse than none at all. It simply upsets everything!

WHAT IS TOUCH?

Touch means a great deal. Generally speaking in music it is the proper mode of sounding musical notes. It consists of two actions—viz., a preparatory one, and the action itself.

These are:

1. The raising of the fingers or hands in various ways.
2. The dropping or putting the fingers down on the keys as to sound notes in a great variety of manner, or also as to sound them; for there is such a thing as silent touch!

Touch, rightly understood and applied, is the means by which every variety of phrasing, expression, emphasis, shading, long or short, quick or slow, soft or loud, full or thin sound, &c., harmonies or discords, are produced. But it is also a science, and as such it has, in the first instance, nothing whatever to do with either feeling or expression. It has to be learned. The question of touch as a science enters into the very heart of time and technique.

Without an appropriate, or, I will say, a just touch, it is quite impossible to play in proper time; for if you strike a short note with full touch, it will at once become too long, like a single quaver or semiquaver, and the time be upset. Likewise, if a long note (like a minim) be played with a slight touch it will become too short, and the following note most probably be touched before its time; for by a slight touch slow notes become quick, by a full touch quick notes become slow. It will be also musically wrong, because a long note is an important and expressive note.

Touch is a term much misapplied and misunderstood. The word "touch" seems not a very appropriate nor sufficiently expressive, at all events not an exhaustive term; for one may touch notes without sounding them, as you may touch a bell without ringing it, and so many other things without producing any sound whatever.

In pianoforte music occur passages where you have not only not to sound any notes, but not even to touch any; where, in fact, you have to do nothing whatever, and this, too, in the most correct, appropriate, and graceful manner.

This leads me to a most important point, which is to form the subject of the first chapter on Touch. It being of such vast importance, I feel fully justified in making a great ado about it—in fact, "much ado about nothing."

CHAPTER I. ON NOTHING.

Touch is something so subtle, mysterious, exquisite, and wonderful, that it would seem difficult to say where it begins and where it ends. It is a world apparently without end—infinite. But it has both a beginning and an ending. I know I shall be safe in beginning with nothing.

As the old singing-master once said: "If you want to spin out a tone (filare il suono) you must begin with nothing. In

* Extract from "A Practical Guide to Touch and Expression," by B. Althaus.

Next, you ought to begin so softly that one cannot hear it when you begin!"

I will call this touch the

"NOLI ME TANGERE" TOUCH (Touch me not).

Before commencing with a tangible something, let us learn gracefully to do "nothing." It is possible; but it is no "dolce niente." It is serious business. Some people have even mastered this difficult art and science to admiration.

There is an old saying that "out of nothing comes nothing." In music, at all events, it would not stand! For in musical art this so-called nothing is quite a considerable item; indeed, a very important something and a great many other things come out of it. I have therefore commenced with this. Like whist, it means "silence!" but unlike whist (being much more subtle), in this case you must not even touch anything! The silence must be exercised first of all before you begin to play. Elevate your hands over the first notes or chords of your piece, and indulge in the necessary luxury of a few (say from four to eight) preparatory bars of silence, filled up with collecting and concentrating your thoughts on your work. Do this gracefully and you will have effected a good thing (viz., my "nothing"), which is, perfect silence without touching a note; your mind and your eyes, however, working all the while, and your fingers being ready to break the spell.

CHAPTER II.

ON "NEXT TO NOTHING."

The most important thing after "nothing" would, of course,

NEXT TO NOTHING.

This "next to nothing" in music is called a pause. It implies silence, and something more. The good comes first, and the "better" remains behind or follows. A pause seems nothing of itself, and yet is productive of several delightful things, so it be properly executed. If speech be silver and music gold, so also may a pause in music be said to be even more effective than the music itself! At all events it belongs to the greatest musical effects, and its execution requires patience, self-control, subordination of self to higher purposes, determination and gracefulness of manner.

It creates surprise, wonder, expectation, suspense, and ultimate pleasant relief and satisfaction. In music, then, we may say, that out of a nothing comes not only something, but that several important things spring from it.

Although this pause, this "next to nothing" as I have called it, is, of course, of itself not really and strictly music (it is, of course, yet, like a sudden or gradual ray of the sun breaking through clouds, it throws a new light on the passages, setting off its last notes, phrases, or melismes. It keeps the listener's suspense, prepares for what is coming (may be surprise), prevents monotony, promotes contrast and variety, and with a fresh charm to a perhaps often-repeated phrase when repeated with taste. How often, during the performance of a very great pianist, have I felt a thrill of pleasure running through me at the judicious employment of a sudden, short pause introduced before the re-entrance of the principal subject, more effective and delightful than the now perhaps rather over-used and trite "ritardando," which was wont to be the inevitable rule in such cases.

Such a pause is none the less touching and sweet, because no such is required to produce this beautiful thing, this next to nothing. For the action is a passive one!

A pause may occur in the most unexpected manner; for instance, on the top of the line which divides one bar from another. I quote Chopin's Nocturne in A flat, op. 32, last few bars:-



Here I should count two slow or four quick crotchet rests. The pedal must be dropped on or before the last note B, so that complete silence is produced.

A pause may extend from one to several bars. It may occur on a crotchet rest, even on a semiquaver rest, or on a single note, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver. It always is meant to prolong the bar, note, or rest on which it occurs. The longer such bars, notes, or rests are, the less do they naturally require to be prolonged; and the shorter they are, the more may they be drawn out. The quicker the time of the piece, the better it bears a longer pause; and again, the slower the time, the shorter the pause.

A pause would seem easy of execution. Indeed anybody can do it, if willing; yet it is continually neglected, slurred, abbreviated, treated with lofty contempt, profaned by the vulgar who can safely assert that she or he observes and does justice to such pauses? Who has never profaned the solemnity of a pause in Beethoven's or Chopin's works?

People might say, "A pause or a mere crotchet rest or quaver means nothing, and, perhaps, was only put by the composer to make the bar complete, and as there is nothing to play why should we not go on at once? A rest is nothing."

But no! This seeming Nothing is Something! I feel inclined to exclaim:

"Sweet Music, heavenly maid! ever contrary and yet consistent! This thy greatest charm! Even thy nothings are something. Even thy absolute silence is replete with truest, most delicate eloquence! . . . Pause."

PAUSES ON RESTS.

Meanwhile we must be practical, and consider the above important point.

Three things have to be done to execute this next to nothing, this pause on a rest:

1. All fingers have to be taken off the keys.
2. If the loud pedal has been used before the pause, the player must drop it and listen and wait till the last vestige of sound has gone out of the instrument and vanished into air. For a while the breathing of music is suspended, the beating of its heart's pulse stopped.

3. The player, holding his hands over the keys, or also gracefully withdrawing them, counts an appropriate number of beats. This pause on a rest must be done in proper time, previously fixed.

Who knows what the proper time is? Or, knowing it, does attend to its just demands?

It is a knotty point. We must not only wait the time of the rest itself, be it a bar's rest, a crotchet rest or quaver rest, but a great deal longer!

This pause on the rest makes the latter at least half as long again, so that a pause on a semibreve would make it last a minim longer!

But under certain circumstances, the original rest may become twice, three, four times as long, according to the character, the quick or slow time of the piece, and other peculiar circumstances under which the pause takes place.

1. If occurring in a slow movement, it might perhaps be made half as long as the original rest. If several times in the same piece, under similar circumstances, it might vary in length, be half as long or doubly as long by turns.

2. If in a quick movement, or also after a sudden accelerando, strettio, or agitato occurring in a slow movement, the pause might be from twice to four times as long, to take proper effect. The pianist might speculate with these pauses, try the particular passages over a great many times, and then ultimately fix the probable duration of each, and count accordingly so many beats of rest.

A pause being a more or less brilliant flash of silence, and one of the most bewitching and fascinating things in music, it is well worth the trouble of studying its effects.

It will be clear and appear natural and reasonable that, the quicker the pace, the longer should be the rest or breathing time, and vice versa, the slower the pace, the shorter the rest needed!

In Chopin's Nocturne, op. 32, No. 2, B major (Andante sostenuto), there occurs on four occasions a pause on a semiquaver rest, after a short, quick strettio on two forte notes. (Bars 6, 18, 35, 56.) This pause in each instance is followed by a poco ritardando to be played p. delicatissimo.



* The two forte notes (strettio) may be played doubly as quick as the two preceding notes. This of course causes an advance in time, and makes the bar in the first instance shorter in duration! It stands to reason that this loss should be made good by increasing the length of the pause to a slow crotchet rest; the semiquaver rest might pass for a quaver or dotted quaver rest; then there is the following dotted quaver rest, so that altogether we ought at least to count two slow crotchets and a half. Finally, as all slow and delicate things must be introduced delicately and slowly (because otherwise their grace, significance, and contrast would be defaced, and lost upon an audience), the pause might safely be made a little longer still!

I should count two crotchet rests quick and two slow, this making up a sympathetic counterpoint to the bar marked *, which also contains two slow crotchets and two quick notes. As this pause occurs several times more in similar places, I should either prolong or shorten it each time, according to natural desire, or momentary inspiration; at all events, on no account do it alike. Variety delights. Human Nature and Art require change.

I append two more specimens of interesting pauses occurring in the same nocturne. These commence at Bar 64, an extraordinary piece of free fantasia, full of wonderful significance. The two first phrases, remarkable for their vehement, almost violent energy, are succeeded by others plaintive and mournful to despair, all more or less subdivided by pauses, no less significant!



After the first of these two passages or phrases I should count at least four crotchets rest, and after the second (being the stronger of the two) six crotchets rest, so as to leave the hearer time to recover from the shock and surprise, and to feel the significance of these wonderful passages. Both come in after a very long sustained chord, a deceptive conclusion of a slow movement of surpassing sweetness, long drawn out.

The change from the major to the minor mode is both sudden and unexpected; after some more phrases and passages of wondrous power and character, equal in their forcible musical eloquence and value to some others in Beethoven's overtures to "Egmont" and "Coriolanus," the piece concludes with a sigh of "some sublime despair." This conclusion comes upon us, like death itself, when sudden and unexpected! With its many pauses it is one of the most wonderful manifestations of genius ever penned, and quite a study for the thinking player. Space forbids us to quote more instances.

(To be continued.)

The "Blue Hungarian Band"

AT THE LEICESTER JUBILEE ART EXHIBITION

THE above, who have been fulfilling an engagement at the above Exhibition, have no doubt tended largely to make the show such a success. This band is indeed a novelty; and although it seems incredible, there is only one member of the band (which numbers fourteen) who understands or has any knowledge of the science of music; the others are simply born musicians, whose musical instincts have been fostered from childhood. When a new piece is to be added to their repertory the reader scores it and plays the parts on his violin several times, the others listening and watching the fingering. They then take it up and play it almost faultlessly, and with as much confidence as if they had studied the score for months. They learn any ordinary waltz in forty minutes. They have a repertoire of over 500 pieces of the most difficult and classical music, which they play from memory with wonderful precision and finish. Amongst their instruments is a cymbal, a favourite instrument in Hungary, which resembles a powerful zither, but remarkable for its quality. The leader is Signor Barca. They have appeared at most of the principal exhibitions, and have obtained the great success which they undoubtedly deserve.

Questions and Answers.

CYMRA.—To give facility in reading, play the composition as slowly as ability will allow, taking care to beat the time, and, above all, to make no repeats of notes. Bach's fugues are particularly useful for this work. Inquire of Novello for Catholic Services. We have had your query about portraits under consideration. Help forward the circulation of the Magazine, and in due time we shall be able to afford to give them separately.

G. H. D.—We cannot say. You had better ask Barnby. Many thanks for your kind interest in our Magazine.

WRECKIN.—We are not acquainted with Baneril's "Music Simplified." Inquire at a publisher's. Novello's, Chappell's, or Augener's.

D. KENT.—Get W. T.'s arrangement of the Dead March from "Saul," published by Novello.

FARINELLI.—You will find what you require in the "Collegiate Tutor." Are you acquainted with Nava's Solfeggi Exercises?

L. W.—We referred to "Andante de la Sonata pour piano et Violoncello," Op. 45, G minor, Mendelssohn. You will be correct in styling your composition a trio if three instruments be employed. If you send same we will go through it. You have made good progress. You should certainly keep on. Have you Bannister's book on harmony? It will take you further than Stainer's.

BEATRICE HALL.—You can publish a composition of your own in any form you like, and put what you like on the cover, but you cannot re-arrange a copyright composition and publish it. "Animals' Carnival," by Saint-Saëns, you may get through a music publisher. We are not aware that Patti has "Home Sweet Home" arranged specially for her. In singing with an orchestra the conductor would select whatever orchestral parts he thought best.

CUMBRIA.—It is evident you practise a little too long. The best remedy is to leave off for a time. You should practise little and often. Ten minutes at a time will be sufficient for a beginner. 2. According to rule, the first note of counterpoint should be perfect interval with the canto fermo or melody. Your Exercise 1. does not answer this rule, otherwise it is correct, although it might be improved. The second exercise is better.

MUSICAL.—1. If the author chooses; yes. 2. The Sonata form minus the double bar and signs of repeat. 3. The notes that may be obtained depend upon the skill of the player. It is better, however, to keep to the natural harmonic notes of the horn. Get Berlioz's Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration. 4. It is usual to write a sketch first in compressed score. 5. Conduct from full score.

PROFESSION.—Licentiate is the higher degree. Can you send us the name of the bookseller through whom you obtained our publication?

A RISING GENIUS.—You inform us in your letter, you are neither a genius nor fond of kissing. It was the fault of our printer that this last was imputed to you.

LOYD CARMICHAEL.—Poems published in the Magazine are copyright, and may not be set to music for publication without payment to the authors. With regard to poems published in other works, the publishers as a rule will be able to place you in communication with the authors. 4. It is impossible for us to answer this question. 5. Reply to question 1 answers this. 6. "Day-break" has already been set to music during the past few weeks.

In consequence of pressure on our space, the continuation of "Chopin's Life" is unavoidably postponed to next month.

Nocturnes and Studies.

CHOPIN'S WORKS.

OF all Chopin's works the Nocturnes are the most generally known. They are played by preference because they are full of such deeply-felt poetic utterances and tender emotions as to powerfully affect all hearts. Op. 9 begins with a Nocturne written in the gloomy, melancholy key of B flat minor, followed by one in E flat major and one in B major.

In the first we find a well-sustained cantilene in six-fourth time, seldom interrupted by rapid passages, and these are so interwoven with the melody as to appear, not as mere ornaments, but as necessary to its completeness as continuity of the musical idea. They are not arabesques playing round the melody, such as appear frequently in his later works, but thoroughly lyrical phrases. Simple as they are, they yet offer difficulties with regard to their intellectual rendering and their right interpretation. These are the difficulties which allow so few pianists to reproduce faithfully and accurately the poetic intentions of Chopin, and in which many even of the foremost virtuosos fail to satisfy us. I will just quote the first bars of the Nocturne:—



It is certainly not a matter of great difficulty to play the twenty-two upper notes or the twelve lower ones, but everyone will not at once hit upon the correct grouping of the upper notes, so as to bring out the idea. In this, and many other similar passages, groups of two and three notes, *i.e.*, even and uneven sets of notes, so melt into one another that the transition must not be noticed. But he who tries to get out of the difficulty by accentuating the triplets or the two notes will not bring out the intention of the composer.

This is one of the most noticeable peculiarities of Chopin. This melting together of two and three notes without allowing the boundary line to be noticed. The player who makes it apparent by accentuation will not produce the magic effect intended by the composer. This is only done by such players who are able to unite these tone-waves into one organic whole. If these passages are to create a poetic effect they must be breathed out like the murmuring of the soft breezes through cypresses, or the sweet harmonies of an Æolian harp.

Chopin's works offer us the most extraordinary peculiarities in harmony and modulation. In them he is as original as in his melodies; his original melody naturally necessitating and producing a corresponding harmony. The same Nocturne offers interesting examples as illustration. I will cite a case in which a modulation within two bars from D flat major to D major, G major and back again to D flat major, seems so natural as if it were a modulation to the next related keys:—



Nobody would detect anything far-fetched or forced in this bold modulation to distant keys, so natural is the harmony induced by the melody, which is rendered still more remarkable by the accompaniment. Chopin emancipates himself very soon, as we see from many rules of thorough bars which are indeed necessary to the beginner, but yet admit of many exceptions. For instance, a melodious phrase lasts for eight bars on the dominant seventh chord of G flat, and naturally that chord is expected to follow. But no! the yearning for hope will not be fulfilled, the longing for rest and peace remains ungratified and dies away in a gentle sigh. Even the false cadence which generally follows in such cases is not used, the seventh, vainly striving to resolve itself, at last disappears, and the air begins afresh in the tonic chord of D flat.

How similar is the fate of men to whom fortune has been unkind. The most ardent desires of their heart are left unfulfilled; vain longing and fearful renunciation are their lot. For such as these Chopin's music has been written; in it they find the sad experience of their soul depicted in wonderful tones. These sad melodies drearily passing by; these sorrowful, sighing chords; this tearful grief spread out like a pall over the whole, are so much in accord with the souls weighed down by sorrow and suffering, that in them they find the expression of their whole inner-life. Tears are their only consolation, and tears are wept by Chopin's melodies.

The fortunate of this earth can rarely fully understand these sad feelings: they are, therefore, not so much in sympathy with this music as those whom sorrow has touched. This, again, is a reason why Chopin finds so few proper interpreters. To be able to faithfully reproduce that which the Polish youth represents in tones, and to be moved by it, we must have passed through the same bitter experiences. The man whose life flows on in an unbroken sunshine of pleasure and love can seldom interpret sympathetically, and become absorbed in this mournful music.

These tender, delicate, melodious passages require that soft, velvety touch so few pianists possess. The keys must only be touched lightly with the tips of the fingers, as the strings of an Æolian harp are touched by the passing breeze.

Frequently, it is true, iron fists are needed, for he also hurls curses and rage at this wicked world; but it is easier to find fortissimo-players than those possessed of tender, velvety hands. It is, in fact, much easier to produce in our modern instruments a powerful touch and tempestuous thunder than those soft whispers of Chopin's music. In most of Chopin's works, more than in those of any other composer, this soft, tender touch is indispensable. Although delicate pianissimo passages occur in almost all works, in Chopin's they are more frequent and of longer duration, and they are of such an ethereal character that only by a most exquisite performance their poetic effect can be produced.

I consider Op. 27 and Op. 32 the most noble and most beautiful Nocturnes, especially those in D flat and A flat major.

We will now consider his didactic compositions, consisting of a number of "Études." These are intended for more advanced players, and may be considered as preparatory studies for the performance of his greater works. They offer all those technical difficulties we meet with in his concert-pieces, and test the skill of even the most accomplished virtuoso.

In Op. 10, for instance, we find whole passages of double notes of every description: thirds, sixths, fourths, seconds, etc. These different chords are not arranged in consecutive order, but appear anyhow, thus increasing the difficulty, as for instance in the following passage, marked *Vivace*:



To be able to give each note of these chords clearly and distinctly requires years of practice, and Chopin is very fond of such passages in his concert pieces, so that anyone not sufficiently versed in them should not attempt Chopin's works for purely technical reasons only. The same opus brings arpeggio exercises of considerable difficulty, demanding continual practice, as they are the best preparation for any similar frequently occurring passages. We also notice those forms which Chopin employs so often, where single notes and double notes alternate in quick time, as for instance:



To play these passages, which are marked *Vivace assai*, distinctly, will exact, even from virtuosos, uninterrupted study—yes, even months of the most diligent application.

From these short quotations we see what practical importance, as regards technique, these studies possess. Several of them contain so much poetry and depth of feeling as to render them suitable for public performance, as f. i. Op. 10, No. 9, Op. 25, No. 7, etc. The study in C sharp minor is a most noble and beautiful conception; it is an elegy—we hear the sobs of an undefinable sorrow, sounds of anguish which make us shudder. We hear that murmur and reproach against fate: "Why was I born only for sorrow and suffering! Why did love smile on me only to leave me to despair!" Thus that episode of his life expressed in tones more pathetic than words.

The simultaneous appearance of heterogeneous rhythm Chopin also frequently introduced in his studies. We come across a study with an accompaniment in crotchet-triplets whilst the right hand has to play quaver-triplets; the latter may not be converted into sextuplets. Another one has semiquaver-triplets in the right hand and semiquavers in the left. If these studies are practised less frequently than others, notwithstanding their eminent utility, it is because they are not playable by the ordinary player, but are intended for those who are aspiring to virtuosity; they are only written for such, and such students should not neglect to practise them, especially if they intend to perform Chopin's other works. As a specimen of Chopin's humour we must quote the study in G flat major, Op. 10, No. 5, in which the right hand only plays in the black keys throughout: it is a musical curiosity.

The fingering in the old original editions unfortunately is given only in a few instances, and is therefore insufficient. It is of the greatest importance, especially in the studies with double notes, to supplement it, or to practise from a newer edition which has been supplied with the necessary fingering. I may perhaps here draw attention to the very excellent edition of Chopin's works by Professor Klindworth, which has been most carefully fingered, whilst the phrasing has been supplemented in such a manner as to make the intention of the composer perfectly clear. (Translator.)

The studies are much too difficult to leave the fingering to chance, using sometimes one and sometimes another. Franz Liszt tells us in his autobiography how he spent four weeks in determining the correct fingering of a Bach fugue before he really began to practise it. The same care is necessary for many of Chopin's studies, and such patient toil is sure to be rewarded with brilliant success.

(To be continued.)

Prize Competition Result.

WE give below the result of last month's plebiscite on song writers and their songs, giving the names in the order of their popularity:—

1. Sir Arthur Sullivan's best song .. "The Lost Chord."
2. F. H. Cowen .. "The Better Land."
3. Charles Gounod .. "Nazareth."

The following competitors gave these names correctly, and in their proper order, and to each of them a gold watch has been sent:—

Florence Neale, 22, Narrow Street, Peterborough.
Baron Littlebury, 10, Britannia Square, Worcester.
H. W. Mobbs, London Road, Kettering.
W. Thompson, 8, Vignola Street, Laisterdyke, Bradford.
Eliza B. E. Rickman, Priestgate, Peterborough.

HARMONY LESSONS by post. Pupil of Sir George Macfarren. Thirty years' experience. MSS. revised and advice given. Address, A. RHODES, Alsia House, Garden-road, Clapham, London. A stamp should be enclosed for reply.—ADVT.

14 JY 87
MUSEUM



Yours faithfully
F. Corder

WIND AND WAVE.

Soprano solo with female chorus.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.)

By F. CORDER.

Andantino.

PIANO.

2 Vlns. *p* Wind.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Andantino' and 'piano' (p). It features two violin staves with eighth-note patterns and a wind instrument staff with a single note. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

HELGA (Soprano).

"What slee-per art thou rock-ing, O wave on the shore? How

Clar.

The first vocal line for Helga is in 2/4 time, marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are "What slee-per art thou rock-ing, O wave on the shore? How". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note patterns as the introduction.

fast his lids are lock-ing, un-moved by thy roar! No

The second vocal line for Helga continues the melody. The lyrics are "fast his lids are lock-ing, un-moved by thy roar! No". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note patterns.

breath-ing stirs his breast and pallid as thy crest his

mf

The third vocal line for Helga continues the melody. The lyrics are "breath-ing stirs his breast and pallid as thy crest his". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note patterns, ending with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

CHORUS. WOMEN.

face thy foam is mocking O wave on the shore. "It

dim. *p* Vlns. *mf*

is a faithful lov - er, oh wind of the air! His

dolce

maid will soon dis - cov - er the corse that I bear. He

thought to join his bride but in my arms he died, so

cresc. *cresc.* *f*

light.ly o'er him ho - ver, O wind of the air!

light.ly o'er him ho - ver, O wind of the air!

p Wind.

HELGA.

Re - ceive an - o - ther trea - sure, O wave of the

p

seal Her an - guish has no mea - sure and drives her to

CHORUS.

thee. It drives her to thee, O wave of the sea! Re -

dim. *dim.* *mf*

ceive an - o - ther trea - sure, O wave of the

seal Her an - guish has no mea - sure and

drives her to thee. But grant me as my prize her

last heart bro - ken sighs, then let us sport

last heart bro - ken sighs, then let us sport

Then let us sport in
Then let us sport in plea - sure, in
Then let us sport in plea - sure, then let us sport in

rit.

[illegible]

No 2.

SONG.

Words by LAURA M. MARQUARD.
(from Harper's Magazine.)

Music by ARTHUR H. CROSS.
Organist to H. R. H. Prince of Wales.
Sandringham.

Allegro.

VOICE. 

As birds soar high, In the charm-ed sky, And

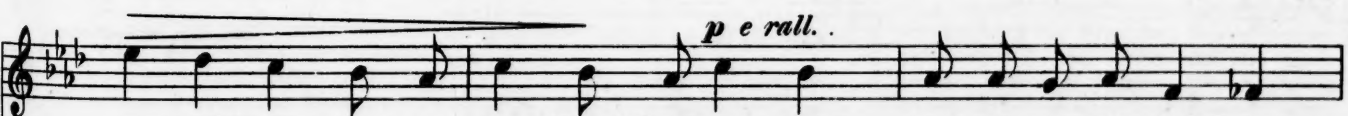
PIANO. 

sempre Ped.




far from earth ex - ul - ting fly, My love to you, Which is





old and new, Wings a - way through the gray and blue of win-try skies ' be -



tween us two Both new and old is this love I fold Deep and
 safe a-way from the cold. Not old, you say! Dear heart each day, Though
 skies be blue Though skies be gray Old - er it grows, Yet new al -
 way Old - er it grows, Yet new al - way

Tempo *marcato* *f*
rall. *pp* *Tempo* *marcato*
slargando *Tempo*
stringendo *cresc.* *rall.*
f *rall.* *pp* *rall.*